

EPICETI
ENCHIRIDION

Made *ENGLISH*.

IN A

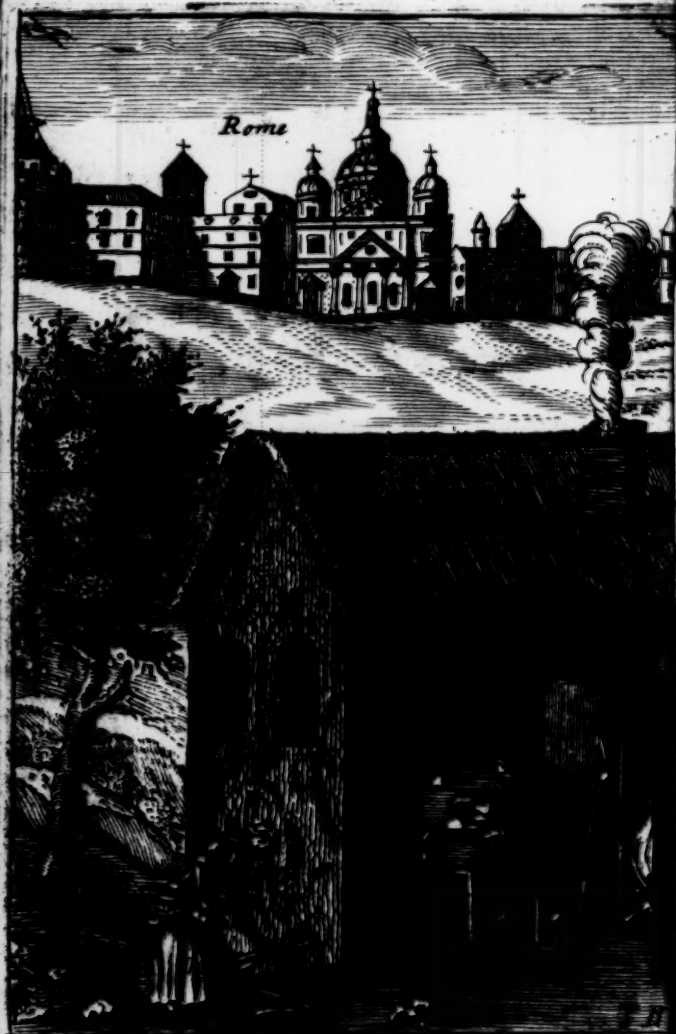
Poetical Paraphrase.

BY

ELLIS WALKER, M. A.

L O N D O N,

Printed, for *Sam. Keble*, at the *Turks-Head*, over against *Fetter-Lane*, in *Fleet-street*, 1697.



EPICTETUS lived at Rome in a little house, which had not so much as a door; All the Attendants he had was an old Servant maid, and all his household stuff an earthen Lamp.
 Vincent Obseq: l. 3. Anth: ad Epig: Epictet.

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Lam

L I C E N S E D.

August the 20th. 1691.

Rob. Midgley.

To my Honoured Uncle

Mr. Samuel Walker

of YORK.

When I fled to you for shelter, at the breaking out of the present Troubles in *Ireland*, I took *Epictetus* for my Companion; and found, that both I and my Friend were welcome. You were then pleas'd to express an high esteem for the Author, as he very well deserves it: You prais'd his Notions as Great, Noble, and Sublime, and much exceeding the pitch of other Thinkers. You may remember, I then told you, that as they seem'd Such to me, so I thought they would very well take a Poetical Dress: You said the attempt was bold, but withal wisht it well done. I hurry'd on with zeal for an Author be-

A 3

lov'd

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The Dedication.

lov'd by you, and admired by all, have made the Essay; a grateful diversion to me, though perhaps I may have pleas'd you better in Admiring the Author, than in Translating him. However having attempted it, to whom should I dedicate my Endeavours, but to you, whose Goodness gave me so kind a Reception, whose Bounty releiv'd me in an undone Condition, and afforded me the leisure and opportunity to shew my desire of pleasing you, if such a Trifle as this can any way pretend to please. Epistles of this kind are for the most part Tokens of Gratitude; I know no One in the World, to whom I am so much oblig'd as I am to you, and I make it my Request, that you will accept of This, as an hearty and thankful Acknowledgement, from

Your most obedient humb'e Servant,

and Aff. Elionate Nephew,

Ellis Walker.

In Praise of EPIC TETUS.

I.

Great *Epictetus*, pardon, if we praise !
'Tis not thy Character to raise ;

The top of all Fame's *Pyramide* is thine,
Where in her brightest glories, thou dost shine,
Where though unsought by thee
She gives thee her Eternity,
And bears you to the height you scorn'd to climb.

In speaking all that's good of You, she shews,
That now and then, how to speak truth she knows.
All admire what's truly good,
And that they do so, all would have it understood ;
There's then a right, which to our selves we do
In Praising, Reading, and Translating you.

II.

Thousands have been esteem'd for having writ,
And in Times Chronicles do justly live,
With all the applause that Letter'd Fame can give.

But you with brave disdain
Despise the common road to Fame,
That old stale trick as known an artifice,
As Pimping for acquiring Greatness is,
By a great method of your own,
You by not writing are more Glorious grown,
For every word that from you fell,
Your Hearers have receiv'd as from an Oracle,
And handed down to us, for so 'twas fit
That your immortal wit,
Should ever live, without your seeking it.

III.

None (as meer Men) but you, could ever reach
The pitch of living up to what they teach,
And could you have receded from
Your noble Principles resolv'd upon,
What vast preferments might such parts have had,
What offers had not Fortune made?
But Blind and Foolish though she be,
Full well she knew that she,
With all her outward gifts could nothing add to thee.

You

You generously brave
Ennoble the opprobrious name of Slave ;
And shew, a Wise man may be truly great
In each condition, every state.

IV.

Thine was intrinsick Greatness, real Worth,
No painted *Ixion* Cloud, no glittering froth,
Not such as doth consist in store
Of Houses, or of Land,
The prey, the sport of fire, or of the stronger hand ;
Nor was it varnisht o're
With riches, which proud Churls enslave, (Knave,
Which Knaves hoard up, for some more daring
Nor such, as glories in the bended knee
Of Sycophant Servility,
Which, when the humble Wretch his ends doth (gain,
He may grow faucy, and detain:
No, 'twas substantial Greatness of the Soul,
Such as no outward power can controul,
Such as can nothing fear, can nothing want;
This we true Greatness justly grant.

V. Experience

V.

Experience shews, how well you have confin'd
All Happiness; all Greatness, to the Mind.

For he, that sees the Captive led along
Pensive, amidst the bellowing throng,
With folded Arms, his Grandeur laid aside ;

And then Another with mean flattery
Courting the raskal Herd, the senseless Mobile,
Stroaking the Beast, that he intends to ride,
And all to gratifie his boundless pride.

He, who in History runs o're,

The Worthies that have liv'd before,
And sees great *Dionysian* quit his Seat,
His princely Palace, for a cool Retreat ;
And sees the fierce *Pellean* Youth bestride
The conquer'd Globe, and weep dissatisfied :

He must of force confess,
Nothing *without* can give true Happiness ;

And all his Hero's of Antiquity

Slaves in an eminent degree :

And only *Epictetus* truly Great and Free.

U P O N
E P I C T E T U S

H I S M O R A L S.

KInd Reader, if thou only art
Christian in Name, and not in Heart,
Or hast an Hope thy self to' approve
Without true Faith, or heav'nly Love,
View in this Book (and be asham'd)
An Heathen far for vertue Fam'd.

That SAVING NAME He never knew,
Whereof We boast, but nothing do:
Yet if the Knowledge, Christians have,
Without a working Faith, can't Save,
Who knows, since his good Works were Free,
And Forc'd his Ignorance, but He
May be accepted, being made
A Law t' himself, which he obey'd?

In Slavery he was confin'd;
But a free Monarch in his mind,
His Boely maim'd; his Fortune poor;
But his rich Soul aloft did soar,

And

*And nobly left the Drossy ground,
And spurn'd the Earth ; to which we're bound.
Malice, and Calumny, and Pride,
Could ne'r in him triumphant ride ;
Envy his Bosom ne're did stain ;
He never falsly swore for gain ;
Revenge to him was never sweet,
Nor Fraud, which ev'ry where we meet.
The dazzling Rayes of Beauty's flame ;
And Passion, which the World doth tame,
False Interest, Astræa's Foe,
And Vice, which all too much do know, 33
And fond Opinion's gaudy show,
All these he bravely did Despise :
On Vertue only fix'd his eyes ;
And laugh'd at Fortun's giddy Power ;
Contemn'd her Sweet, nor fear'd her Sower.
No Bribes, nor Threats could make him start ;
Nor Loss, nor Pain afflict his Heart.*

*He saw the World was mean and low,
Patrons a Lie ; Friendship a Show ;
Preferment Trouble, Grandeur vain ;
Law a Pretence, a Bubble Gain ;
Merit a Flash, a Blaze Esteem ;
Promise a Rush, and Hope a Dream ;
Faith a Disguise, and Truth Deceit ;
Wealth but a Trap, and Health a Cheat :
These Dangerous Rocks this Pilot knew,
And wisely into Port withdrew,*

Let

*Let all these outward things alone,
To hold what only was his own,
The rightful Empire of the Mind,
Whence all our Acts their rise do find;
Whence all our Motions freely flow,
Our Judgment and our Reason too,
Whereon our whole Success depends;
The Last and Greatest of all Ends!*

*This Doctrine, with such Wisdom fraught,
Great EPICUREUS Liv'd and Taught;
Christian make haste and learn his Wit: —
I fear, Thou'rt scarce an Heathen yet.*

EMMANUEL Colledge
Cambridge
Septemb. 28th. 1691.

Joshua Barnes.

Ἔἰς τὸ Ἐνχειρίδιον Ἐπικλήτου
ἐξ Ἀνδολογίας.

Lib. I. p. 117.
Edit. H.
Steph. 1556.

Μἦ τιν Ἐπικλήτοιο τεῶ ἐνὶ κἀτθεο θυμῷ,
Ὅφρα κεν εἰσαφίκοιο καὶ Ουρανίης κενεῶνας
Ψυχὴν ὑφικέλευθον ἐλαφρέζων ἀπὸ Γαίης.

Ἔἰς τὸ αὐτὸ

Ὅς κεν Ἐπικλήτοιο σοφὴν τελέσσει μενοινὸν,
Μειδιάξ, βιότοιο γαληνίδαν ἐνὶ πόντῳ,
Καὶ μετὰ Νευτιλίνην βιοτήσιον εἰσαφικάνει
Ὅυρανίην ἀψίδα καὶ ἀτρεῖν Πειρουπὴν

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ εἰς Ἐπικλήτον, P. 289 ib.

Δεῖλα Ἐπικλήτῳ θυόμην, καὶ Σῶμ' ἀνάστηθι
Καὶ περὶν Ἴρῳ, καὶ φίλῳ Ἀθανάτοισι.

UPON

7.
6.
Upon EPICTETUS his Little-
Book, taken out of the Greek-Epi-
grams.

THE Sense, which *Epiſtetus* doth impart,
Consider well and treasure in your Heart:
That ſo your Soul from Earth aloft may riſe,
Aſpiring to her Native Seat, the Skies:

On the ſame.

ib.
HE, that Great *Epiſtetus* truly knows,
Amid Life's Storms ſerene and ſmiling goes;
Till Nature's Voyage finiſh'd, he at laſt
Safe Anchor in the Port of Heav'n doth caſt.

Leonidas upon Epictetus.

N
A Slave I was, of Fortune's favours bare,
In Body maim'd, and yet to Heaven Dear.

ON
EPICTETUS
HIS
ENCHIRIDION,

Translated into English Verse.

YOU bold disputing Atheist, come and see
The beauteous Rays of the Divinity
Shine in a Mortal Breast, which Scripture
(Light
Did not inform, did not direct i'th' Night
Of Ignorance, which did be-cloud the Mind
O'th' Ethnick World, that Truth they could
(not find,
Until the Morning Star, that Brighter Ray
Of Heav'nly Glory, form'd the Gospel Day.
Yet those great lessons, which that (a) Master
(taught,
Of Patience, Meekness, Love, Revenge,
(unsought,
Of Temp'rance, Justice, and of purer
(Thought,
(a) Jesus Christ.

Of

Of Moderation both in Word and Deed,
Of prudent Conduct when we drink or feed,
Of curbing Passions, quenching lustful Fires,
And sublimating Earthly, base Desires:
These Lessons Epictetus learnt, and taught
By his direction, who inspir'd his Thought;
From whom all good and perfect Gifts do
(come,

Which Mortals have from th' Womb unto the
(Tomb.

Behold what Vertues in his Soul combine,
Whose radiant Lustre Christians does out
(shine,

Call him no longer Heathen, but Divine.
His dusky Glimmers in the Pagan Night,
Did only want the Rays of Gospel-Light,
To make them shine as glorious, and as bright
As that (b) dark Soul, which, when reflected on
By th' Heav'nly Light, shone brighter than the
(Sun.

Think, think Atheistick Man, how this can
Without the Beamings of the Deitie, (be
Which Darts its glorious Light upon the Soul,
Which throughout all her Faculties does rowl.
And thou Immoral Christian, blush to see,
Such Sparks of Grace, which Strangers are to
(thee.

Blush to behold Heathens excel in Fame,
Whom thou, poor Man, only excellest in Name.

(b) Saul, Act. 9. 3.

*The Heathen does in glorious Works out-shin
Thy graceless Faith, which is an empty Vine.
Go, learn of Epictetus, then of Christ,
First learn to be a Man, and then thou may'st
Ascend to Grace, and Glory in the High'st.
Prepare thy Morals, as a Ring of Gold,
The Gem of Grace, enshrined there, to hold.*

*Learn, wavering Man, to suffer and to do,
What Jesus taught and hath commanded you,
From Epictetus, who will teach you too
Those Gospel-Lessons which we have forgot,
Which from our Hearts and Lives are far remote.
The Ancients say, two Words, Bear and For-
(bear,*

*Patience and Love, make up the Character
Of that Great, Wise, Divine Philosopher.
Whose richer Treasure being lock'd up in
(Greek,*

*The Vulgar Reader wou'd be still to seek,
Had not the Learn'd Expounder made it
(speak*

*English, and that in pleasant, noble Verse,
Which Lawrel gives to's Brow, Scutcheons to's
(Herse.*

M. Bryan LL. D.

Sept. 17. 1691.

Cx nienf.s.

Another

Another by the same Hand.

B. *Left Epictetus! Where's thy Vertue gone;
I read of none like thee, but only One
Of all the Heathen, and that's the * Perfect*
(One;

*Whom Earth, and Heaven, and Hell, in vain,
To shake from his renown'd Integrity. (did try:
Elijah to Elisha left his Robe,
Thou had'st thy Mantle from the Upright Job;
Mirrour of Vertue, and Integrity,
Pattern of Patience, and of Constancy.
But scar'd on Earth, Astræa, Job, and You
Are fled to Heaven, and carri'd your Mantle too.
O drop it down to cover Naked Souls, (Fools,
Call'd Christians, but indeed poor Vicious
Disrob'd of Vertue, shivering, cold, and bare,
Clad with those dirty Raggs you scorn'd to
(wear,
Tho' in a Cottage, as course as was your Fare.*

— If Heathens be so good, O then let me
Not a false Christian, but a Heathen be,
The Devil dwells in him, but God in thee.

* Job, chap. 1.

Oct. 29. 1691.

M B.

b 4.

A N

Ingenious Translator *Mr. E. W.*

Ezekiel Brifted, *M. A.*

TO

TO
Mr. ELLIS WALKER,

ON HIS

Paraphrastical Translation

OF

EPICTETUS

Into *English* Verse.

V*ertue* has such a Shape and Mien
They say, that could she but be seen,
The guilty World would cease t'adore
Her Rival *Vice*, and dote on Her.
Her Nat'ral Charms alone are such,
They ne're could dote on her too much,
Whilst *Vice*, with all her borrow'd Dress,
Can scarce conceal her Uglinefs,
Although

Although the Crowd, whose Reason lies
Not in their Judgment, but their Eyes,
Led by appearances away,
Her, as their Sov'raign Power, obey;
Whilst the more Wise, consid'rate few,
Who Judge not till a second view,
Having unrob'd her, soon perceive
Her Dress doth all her Beauty give.
So have I in a Crowd survey'd
A Beauteous, but an Ill-dress'd Maid,
And an Old Woman standing by
With Jewels and Deformity:
And from the distance of the place,
Concluded that the Beauteous Face
Was there, where the best Dressing was:
But soon as er'e I nearer drew,
I found my Judgment was untrue,
And curs'd the partial Fates, who gave
To wither'd Age what Youth should have.
For though no Artificial Dress
Charms like its nat'ral Nakedness,
Yet since that Use prevails so far,
That every one some Dress must wear,
The best doth best become the Fair.
And yet *Philosophy*, till now,
In home-spun Prose was us'd to go,
Whilst *Phæbus*, and the Nine, in State,
Did on ill-govern'd Passions wait,
Till you, more Wise, did kindly teach
Apollo, what he ought to Preach.

You

s
You from the *Dowdy* took the Dress,
And did it upon *Beauty* place.
True, *Epictetus* did disclose
Th' Angelick Maid at first in Prose:
He first the fair *Idea* saw
By halves, and but by halves did draw:
He dug the *Ore* first from the Mine,
But you Refin'd it, made it *Coin*;
He an unfinish'd Picture drew,
Which now is made compleat by you.
Bold Man! — Since there was never yet
One found, who Pencil durst to set
T' *Appelle's Venus*, how durst you (drew?
Conclude that Draught which *Epictetus*
A Picture which exceeds as far
His, as the Sun the meanest Star;
For there the *Body's* Beauties shin'd,
But here the Beauties of the *Mind*.

By

By the same Hand.

THus the Divine Lucretius heretofore,
Great Epicurus's Doctrine did restore;
He taught the Ancient Latines first to know
The cause of Hail, of Thunder, Ice, and Snow:
He Sung of Nature's Works; his daring Muse
Did not her deepest Mysteries refuse,
But ventur'd boldly out, and brav'ly first,
At untouch'd Virgin-streams did quench her
(thirst.

He clad Philosophy in a taking Dress,
Taught her at once how to instruct and please:
The Work was great, worth that immortal Fame
Which does, and ever shall attend his Name.
Him you succeed in time, though your design
Is nobler far than his, and more divine;
He Sang the Knowledge of Corporeal things.
Your Muse the Soul, and her improv'ment sings;
By how much Form than Matter better is,
So much your Subject is more worth than his.
Nor is your Author had in less esteem
Than that great Man so much admir'd by him;
Not that we'd add to Epicurus's Fame,
By taking ought from Epicurus's Name,
Both justly Immortality do claim:

Both

Both wrote in Greek, both their Translators
(Sung
Their Authors meaning in their Native Tongue;
Both rich in Numbers, both Divinely sweet,
Both seem to write their own, and not Translate;
Both seem a like to merit equal praise,
And both a like seem to deserve the Bays.
In this alone he is by you out-done,
The prize is greater far for which you run,
Yet at the Goal as soon as him you come.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Of Katherine Hall in Cambridge

c

TO

To the A U T H O R

On his Poetical Version of

Epictetus his Manual.

WHilest others into Nature's Secrets pry,
And as their Mistress court Philosophy,
Whilst there they ransack thro' the hidden store,
To search for Wisdom, as the glittering Ore;
In vain do they the eager suit renew,
Thro' various and perplexed Mazes led
Truth's still in darkness undiscovered.

Here disengag'd the Soul is nobly fraught
With Maxims, which the Wise and Learn'd
(have taught :

From Fancy and Opinion wholly free
She now regains and keeps her Liberty:
Calm and sedate, as freed from Grief or Pain,
She still enjoys a peaceful Halcyon Reign;
Shewing how few things Happiness do make,
And what it is Men call so by mistake.
Such were these Rules; but 'tis to You we owe,
That they in Numbers and in Measure flow;
So Bards and Druids under awful shade
Of Reverend Aged Oak, of old convey'd

Their

*Their sacred Verse to the admiring throng,
And taught 'em Vertue as they heard their Song,
These were our Native Prophets; such are you
Prophet, Philosopher, and Poet too.*

*Emmanuel Colledge,
Sept. the 28th. 1696.*

WILL. PEIRSE.

c 2

THE

The LIFE of
EPICTETUS.

E*Pictetus* was born about the end of *Nero's* Empire, at *Hierapolis*, a City of *Phrigia* : During the first years of his Life, he was a Slave to *Epaphroditus*, a Libertine and Captain of *Nero's* Life-Guard : How he obtained his Liberty and became a Philosopher of the Stoick Sect, is uncertain, only this we find, that he upon the Edict made in the eighth year of *Domitian's* Empire, was forced as a Philosopher to quit the City of *Rome* and *Italy*, and amongst others to retire to *Nicapolis* ; he had far renounced Ostentation and Ambition, then reigning Vices amongst all the Philosophers: For, as *Vincentius Obsepæus* witnesseth, his House at *Rome* was without a Door, his Attendance only an old Servant Maid, and all his Household-stuff an earthen Lamp, by the light whereof he brought forth those noble and divine Reflections. This after his Death was so
much

The Life of Epictetus.

much valued (*Lucian* reporting it) that it was sold for three thousand Drachmas, or Groats: The Purchaser thinking that if by night he constantly read thereby, he should not only attain his Wisdom, but grow into equal Admiration. *Epictetus* would have all Philosophy to consist in Constancy and Continence; whence he had always these Words in his Mouth, Ἀνέχεσθαι καὶ ἀπέχεσθαι. *Bear and Forbear*, which were generally as well practis'd as taught by him; for during the time of his slavery, his Master *Epaphroditus* would make it his ordinary past-time to wrinch *Epictetus*, his Slave's Leg; who smilingly and without the least passion told him, that if he continu'd his sport, he would break it, which accordingly he did. *Did not I tell you* (then said he) *you would break my Leg.* How great a piece of patience was this, scarce to be parallel'd, except in this other of his own, which was, that when his Iron Lamp he much valu'd, was stolen, all he said, was, *I shall deceive the Thief to morrow, for if he come for another, it shall be an Earthen one.* And he was not only a great Maintainer of this single Vertue, Patience; but likewise a Practicer as well as Maintainer of all the rest in general: For as there was not any one in his time that

The Life of Epictetus.

did so many good Actions as he; so was there not any that made it so much his business to conceal them; being of Opinion, that a true Philosopher ought to do, and not to speak. And what's particularly more observable in him, is, that of all the Philosophers, he had the best Opinion concerning the Deity, and the greatest insight into our Mysteries. His Sentiments are so conformable to Christianity, that St. *Augustine*, as great an Enemy as he was to ancient Philosophers, speaks very advantageously of this Man; nay, so far as to honour him with the Denomination of most Wise. And no doubt St. *Augustine* had good reason to give him that Character, since *Epictetus* was clearly perswaded of the Immortality of the Soul, a great admirer of Providence, a mortal Enemy to Impiety and Atheism, and acknowledged but one Divinity. To sum up all, an admirable Modesty, a profound Wisdom, and above all, an inflexible Integrity were very remarkable in him, as they recommended him not only to the admiration of all in general; but also in particular to the Esteem and Friendship of the greatest Persons of his Age, who bore so great respect and veneration, for whatsoever came from him, as none opposed

it.

The Life of Epictetus.

it. He died in the 902 year after the Foundation of *Rome*, and agreeing to the year of our Lord 150, in or about the 96 year of his Age; since which time this following Book of his hath continued in such Estimation, as many Learned Hands have been employed in the explanation of it in their own Language, and some in the rendring of it into others. Of the first *Simplicius*, our Learned *Causabon*, and several others, who have writ their Commentaries thereon. Of the last, Monsieur *Du Vair*, and Monsieur *Boileau* in *French*: Mr. *Davys*, and Mr. *Healey* in *English*; which now Mr. *Walker* hath not only again translated, but also exceeding them all, hath adorned with most Elegant Verse.

*Some Books Printed for S. Keble, at the
Turks-Head in Fleet-street.*

I. **T**HE Church of *England* Man's Private Devotions, being a Collection of Prayers out of the Common-Prayer-Book, for Morning, Noon, and Night, and other special Occasions, being in a different Method from any former. By the Author of the *Weeks Preparation to the Sacrament*, &c. Together with the Holy Feasts and Fasts, as they are observed in the Church of *England*, Explained, and the Reasons why they are yearly Celebrated.

II. *Preparation to a Holy Life*, or Devotions for Families and Private Persons, with Directions suited to most particular Cases, &c. By the Author of the *Weeks Preparation to the Sacrament*, &c.

III. Meditations upon Living Holy and Dying Happily. With suitable Prayers at the end of each Chapter. Written Originally in *Latin* by that Learned Physician, *Daniel Sennertus*, and now Translated into *English*.

IV. The Mourner Comforted, Or, Epistles Consolatory, writ by *Hugo Grotius* to Monsieur du Maurier the French Ambassadot at the *Hague*. With the Ambassador's Answer: As also a Consolatory Epistle to *Thuanus*. Perused and Recommended to the World by *John Scott*, D. D. Rector of *St. Giles's* in the Fields.

EPICTETI ENCHIRIDION

Made *ENGLISH*,

IN A

Poetical Paraphrase.

I.

Respecting Man, things are divided thus :
Some do not, and some do belong to us.

Some within compass of our power fall,

And these are they, which we our own may call.

Such an Allegiance all our Deeds declare,

Such our Endeavours, Thoughts, Aversions are,

Such our Desires ; but Honour, Greatness, Wealth,

Our Bodies, Life, and Lives chief comfort, Health,

With all things else, of every other kind,

(That own not a dependance on the mind)

Which Mortals with concern desire or fear,

Are such as are not in our Power, or Sphere.

B

II. Those

I I.

Those Actions which are purely ours, are free,
By Nature such, as cannot hinder'd be,
Above the stroke of Chance or Destiny.

But those o're which our Power bears no sway,
Are poor, anothers, servile, and obey
The hind'rance of each rub, that stops the way.

I I I.

If then you should suppose those things are free,
Whose Nature is condemn'd to Slavery;
Should you suppose what is not yours, your own,
'Twill cost you many a sigh, and many a groan;
Many a disappointment will you find,
Abortive hopes, and a distracted mind,
And oft accuse, nay curse, both Gods and Men;
And lay your own rash foolish fault on them.
But if what's truly yours, you truly know;
Not judging that your own, that is not so,
None shall compel you, none an hind'rance be,
No Sorrow shalt thou know, no Enemy;
None shall your Body hurt, or Name abuse,
None shalt thou blame in anger, none accuse,

Nor shalt thou poorly be oblig'd to do,
What thy great Soul doth not consent unto.

I V.

If then thou dost desire such things as these,
If thou would'st tread these flow'ry ways of Peace,
Remember that with fervency and care,
Not chill'd with cold indifference, you prepare.
Some things must be to your dear self deny'd
For a short space, some wholly laid aside.

For if at once thou dost desire to reign,
Be rich, and yet true happiness attain ;
That is, at once, be very wise and vain.
By this impartial Chace, 'tis likely you
Both Games may lose, which you at once pursue ;
Desiring this, you Wealth and Power may lose,
True happiness destroy pursuing those :
You by one care the other will defeat,
And neither happy be, nor rich, nor great.

V.

When Fancy then with her black Train appears,
Of difficulties, dangers, hardships, fears,

With a pale ghastly face, whose awful frown
 Frights Sleep away, and hardens Beds of Down,
 Be ready to say thus : That which I see,
 Is not indeed, that which it seems to be.
 Then straight examine it, and try it by
 Those rules you have, but this especially,
 Whether it points at things in us or no,
 If not at things which in our Power, we know
 'Tis but a Bug-bear Dream, an empty Show
 Of no concern to thee, like Clouds that fly
 In various forms, and vanish in the Sky.

V I.

With our averfions, and desires, doth rise
 A smiling Twin-born hope, whose flatteries
 Do equally themselves to each divide,
 And with the like kind looks sooth either side.
 This, with a promise of obtaining, fires
 The eager mind, and tickles the desires.
 This promiseth, that something we shall shun,
 From which we are averse, from which we run.

Now what Misfortunes Vulture-like attend
 The poor defeated Wretch, that fails of's end?
 And, ah! What real grief doth him surprize,
 Who suffers that, from which with care he flies?
 If then you only do such things decline,
 As are within thy power, by Nature thine,
 Nothing shall ever frustrate your design.
 But if from Sicknes, Want, or Death you fly,
 In Sorrow you shall live, with Terrours die.

V I L.

Therefore be sure, that your Aversions fall
 Only on things which you your own may call;
 But for the present all desires suspend,
 For if to things not in your power they tend,
 Folly and Grief you'll find, but lose your end.
 And as for things, even in your power, what's fit,
 It may be well presum'd, you know not yet,
 What's most to be esteem'd, what most admir'd,
 What with most fervency and zeal desir'd.
 Be wary then, as cautious Generals are,
 When they for entrance at some breach prepare,
 Where Ambuscade, or bursting Mines they fear.

Do not engage so soon, till Reason scout,
 And first survey the Object round about :
 Think that dark Snares thick in your way are laid,
 Think that each step may on some danger tread,
 Approach with prudent leisure, that with ease
 You may withdraw your Forces when you please.

V I I I.

In things that charms the Soul, which love incite,
 By Natures force, use, profit, or delight,
 Beginning from the meanest things, that share
 Your tender thoughts, consider what they are.
 As thus : Suppose some modish new Device
 Of Potters skill in Earthen Ware you prize ;
 Consider, 'tis but varnish'd Clay, that's broke
 By every light and accidental stroke ;
 Thus when the pleasing Toy you broken find,
 The puny loss shall not disturb your mind.
 Thus if a kind soft Wife, or prating Boy,
 With Beauty charm, and a Paternal Joy,
 Consider these dear Objects of your Love,
 Which round your Heart with so much pleasure move,

Are but meer Mortal Pots of finer Clay,
Wrought with more Art, more subject to decay ;
Poor, feeble, sickly things, of humane kind,
To the long cares of a short Life confin'd,
The riotous sport of Death, whose Beauties must
Crumble to their first principles of Dust.
Arm'd with these thoughts, you never shall bewail
The loss of things so ruinous and frail.

I X.

In every thing you undertake, 'tis fit
You in true Judgments Scales examine it ;
Weigh every circumstance, each consequence,
And usual accident arising thence.
As thus : Suppose you for the Bath prepare,
Consider the disorders frequent there,
One throwing Water in anothers face,
Some railing, others jostled from their place,
This Bully giving, that receiving blows,
Some picking Pockets, others stealing Clothes.
With safety thus you the wisht Port may make,
If thus you Preface what you undertake :

I'll instantly go wash, resolv'd to do
 What Nature and my Will incline me to.
 And thus, in all things else, prepare your mind,
 And though, perhaps, you some disturbance find
 When you prepare to wash, unshockt you'll say,
 This hindrance we expected in our way.
 This we consider'd, when resolv'd to do,
 What Nature, and our Will inclin'd us to,
 This we resolv'd on, for we needs must miss
 Our propos'd end, when vext at things like this.

X.

Unjustly Men of Nature's Laws complain,
 As cause of all their misery and pain.
 Nothing in Nature can afflict them, no
 'Tis their Opinion only breeds their woe;
 If wretched, that alone hath made them so.
 They their own Bridewel in their Breasts do bear,
 And their own Judge, and Executioner.
 Not Death it self (how grim so e're it seem)
 Is truly Terrible, or it had been
 As dreadful to great *Socrates* as thee,
 Even his strong Soul had shrunk with fear, but he


Outstar'd the prejudice, and shew'd 'twas mean,
 A Notion void of sense, a waking dream,
 Such as from ill digested thoughts doth steam.
 A Monster, which you paint with hollow Eyes,
 Attended with sad looks, and mournful cries :
 A Scare-crow, which thine own Opinion made,
 From this you fly, of this you are afraid.
 * When then we meetsome check in some design,
 When at each little hind'rance we repine,
 Let's lay the fault at our own doors, and blame
 The giddy whimsies which our fancies frame,
 Those ill-shapt *Centaurs* of a cloudy brain.
 To blame another for things manag'd ill,
 Things subject to thy power, and soveraign will,
 Shews want of Thought, Philosophy, and Skill.
 To blame thy self, shews thou hast but begun
 The glorious Race, nor hast it thoroughly run;
 He that blames neither, only wins the Prize,
 Is justly Crown'd by all, is only wise.

* Here I joyn two Chapters together, because, in some Books
 I find them so, and the sense requires it.

XI.

Be not transported with too great a sense
Of any outward Object's excellence.
For should the pamper'd Courser which you feed,
Of swiftest Heels, and of the noblest breed,
Through sense of vigour, strength of Oats and Hay,
From his full Manger turn his Head, and say,
Am I not beautiful, and sleek, and gay :
'Twere to be born in him, the Speech might suit
The Parts and Education of the Brute :
But when with too much Pleasure you admire
Your Horses worth, and vainly boasts his fire,
And tire us out with endless idle prate
About his Crest, his Colour, or his Gate,
Tis plain, you think his Owner fortunate.
You're proud he's yours, and vainly claim as due,
What to the Beast belongs, and not to you:
Too plainly is your selfish folly shewn,
Adding your Horses vertues to your own.
Well then perhaps you'll ask what's yours of these
Dear outward things, that seem so much to please?
Why nothing but the use : If then you choose

What's

What's truly good, what is not so refuse; 
 If the well-chosen good you rightly use,
 As Nature's light informs you, then alone
 You may rejoyce in something of your own:

X I I.

As In a Voyage, when you at Anchor ride,
 You go on shore fresh Water to provide,
 And perhaps gather what you chance to find,
 Shelfish or Roots of palatable kind;
 Yet still you ought to fix your greatest care
 Upon your Ship, upon your business there;
 Still thoughtful, least perhaps the Master call,
 Which if he do, then you must part with all
 Those darling trifles, that retard your hast,
 Least, bound like Sheep, you by constraint are cast
 Into the Hold. Thus in your course of Life,
 Suppose you a lovely Son, or beauteous Wife,
 Instead of those forementioned trinkets find,
 And bless your Stars, and think your Fortune kind;
 Yet, still be ready, if the Master call,
 To cast your burden down, and part with all.

Forsake the beauteous Wife, and lovely Son,
 Run to your Ship, without reluctance run;
 Nor look behind, but if grown old and gray,
 Keep always near your Ship, and never stay
 To stoop for worthless lumber on the way.
 Short is the time allow'd, to make your Coast,
 Which must not for such tasteless Joy be lost.
 Your reverend Play-things will but ill appear,
 Besides, you'll find they'll cost you very dear:
 'Tis well if Age can it's own weakness bear.
 Unman'd with dotage, when you're call'd upon,
 How will you drag the tiresome luggage on?
 With Tears and Sighs, much Folly you'll betray,
 And crawl with pain undecently away.

XIII.

Wish not that things not in your power may run
 As you would have them, wish them as they're done,
 Wish them just as they are, just as you see;
 Thus shall you never disappointed be.
 You seem some sharp Disease to undergo,
 Alas! 'tis vain to wish it were not so:

'Tis

'Tis but the Bodies pain, a surly ill ;
 Which may impede the Body, not the Will :
 For all the Actions of th' obsequious mind,
 Are in your power, to your own choice confin'd.
 Thus strength and vigour may your Nerves forsake,
 And lameness from your Feet all motion take,
 But can in thee, not the least hindrance make.
 'Tis in thy power to resolve not to go,
 Judge if it be an hindrance or no.
 You on your Feet may an Embargo lay,
 As well as chance or natural decay.
 Consider thus, in all things else you'll find
 Nothing can hinder, or confine the mind ;
 In spite of every accident you're free,
 Those hinder something else, but cannot thee.

XIV.

In every thing that happens search your mind,
 And try what force, what faculties you find,
 For the encounter of the Object fir,
 In the same moment when you meet with it :
 As if some beauteous Female you espy,
 Whose powerful air detains your wandring Eye,

Straight ransacking the Treasures of your Soul;
You'll find strong *Temperance* will that power controul,
Whose cool directions presently assuage
The keenest Fires, the Dog-star Beauty's rage.
These (if you mean to conquer) soon disarm
Each softning Smile, and each obliging Charm.
Are any Hardships of laborious weight
Impos'd, by Fortitude they're conquer'd straight;
Nor rowling Seas, nor an impetuous Wind
Can overset this ballast of the Mind;
Secure of Storms you on the Billows ride,
And stem the furious Current of the Tide.
Are you abus'd? Hath any done you wrong
By the base Venom of a railing Tongue?
Soft Patience gives an easie Remedy,
Deadens the force of the Artillery;
The Poyson spreads into the yielding Air,
Unhurt you find it pass, and vanish there.
In your own Breast you'll always find supply
Of aid, provide you make this scrutiny:
No entrance of the Foe you need to fear,
You'll find th' Avenue guarded every where.

XV.

With Men 'tis usual, when depriv'd of ought
Which with much pleasure entertain'd the thought,
To say, that such a thing they've lost. In you,
Who the great search of Wisdom do pursue,
To say you've lost, is mean; say you've restor'd
What bounteous God did for a while afford.
Your only Son, your dearest Hope is dead;
Why do you beat your Breast, and shake your Head?
Why Man? he's but restor'd, return'd again
To the kind Owner's hand from whence he came.
You've lost your Land by Fraud, a vain mistake,
How is that lost that is but given back?
But he that thus deceived me, was not he
A Villain and a Knave? What's that to thee?
What is't to thee? Is he a Knave or no
By whom he takes, who did the Gift bestow?
Was't not his own? You'll grant me, I suppose,
To whom he would, he might of's own dispose.
While he allows, use what belongs to him,
Not as your own, as Travellers their Inn,

Who as at home, are treated while they pay,
But claim no Title longer than they stay.

XVI.

You would be wise, I'll teach you if you please,
Withdraw your mind from such wild thoughts as these
If I my wonted diligence forget
My gainful drudgery; how shall I eat?
I certainly shall starve for want of Meat.
If I indulge, and not chastise my Boy,
My Lenity his Morals may destroy;
He still will steer the course he hath begun,
And to the very height of Lewdness run.
I tell thee Mortal, that 'tis better far,
To dye with thirst and hunger, free from care,
With a serene and undaunted mind,
Than live in Wealth, to its dire cares confin'd.
As for the Boy, 'tis better far that he
Become a Proverb for Debauchery;
Tis better he were hang'd *, than you should share
A moments grief by your reforming care:

* 'Tis desired that the Wife will not be offended at this Word, for if it be no matter, and of no concern, whether the Boy be lewd or no, it is no matter, and of no concern, whether the Boy be hang'd, for this likewise, Τὸν οὐκ ἔστιν ἄξιον.

But this is more than difficult you'll say;
 Too hard a Rule, for Flesh and Blood t'obey;
 Yet by a former rule 'tis easie made;
 Begin by smallest things, as I have said:
 Suppose your Wine be stol'n, your Oyl be shed;
 And thus take comfort, where's the loss? If I
 At such a rate Tranquillity can buy;
 If constancy at such a rate be bought;
 And there's not any thing that's got for naught.
 Suppose you call your Servant, he's at play;
 Or when he's present, minds not what you say:
 And is the quiet of your Soul perplex'd
 At this? he gets the better if you're vex'd.
 He grows your Master, while he can torment;
 Give not such power to the vile negligent.

XVII.

Would you be wise? ne're take it ill: you're thought
 A Fool, because you tamely set at naught
 Things not within your power, but pass 'em by
 Without a wish, with a regardless eye;
 A senseless Stock, because no loss or pain
 Makes you lament, or childishly complain.

Never pretend to skill, nor wish to seem
 Deep Learned, nor court a Popular esteem :
 But if, admir'd by Men, you pass for wise,
 And draw their listening Ears, and following Eyes,
 Rather mistrust, and doubt your self from thence,
 They're oftner fond of Folly than of Sense.
 While they admire, while you their praises hear,
 You're nearer to the Fool than e're you were ;
 Tis very likely some gross vanity,
 They fancy in themselves, and love to see
 Ripened in you to full maturity :
 As lust of Glory, or a strong desire
 Of Weakth, or Power, or Splendour in attire.
 'Tis altogether vain, to think to adhere
 To the strict principles agreed on here,
 While you the course quite contrary do steer,
 To things not in your power ; which if you reach,
 You needs must quit the Discipline we teach.

XVIII.

If you desire your Children, Friends, or Wife
 Should never dye, but share Immortal Life

With

With the bleſt Gods, 'tis perfect Lunacy ;
Bedlam hath many a wiſer Man than thee :
 A Doctor and dark Room may do thee good ;
 Take Phyſick, I adviſe thee, and let Blood.
 Will nothing but impoſſibles go down ?
 You wiſh that what's not in your power may own
 Subjection to your Will ; and would confine
 What's in anothers power to be in thine.
 Thus if you wiſh your Son may blameleſs be,
 Though he hath rak'd the ſink of Infamy,
 'Tis a return of your Infirmity ;
 A ſpice of madneſs ſtill : As well you might
 Wiſh Vice were Vertue, wiſh that black were white.
 Is wiſhing then deny'd ? And muſt our mind
 To the dull preſent only be confin'd ?
 No, doubtleſs you may wiſh ; nor need you fear
 Deſeat, provide you wiſh within your Sphere.

XIX.

Him, and him only, we may juſtly call
 The powerful Lord, the Sovereign of all ;

Whose power's such, that as he please he may
Keep what he will, or give, or take away.

If: then thou would'st be free, a Monarch still;

Nor wish, nor shun, what's in another's Will.

Thus what you would you shun, or wish you have;

Thus are you free, if otherwise, a Slave.

XX.

With the same manners, which when you're a Guest
You use at some rich Neighbours sumptuous Feast,

Manage the rest of your affairs of Life

With easie Conversation, void of strife;

Void of rude noise: As when some Novely

Is handed round the Table; if 'tis nigh

Stretch forth your hand, take share with modesty.

If it pass by, do not detain by force,

Nor snatch at it, 'twill shew your breeding course:

Is it not near you yet, at distance plac'd,

Shew not your greediness by too much hast;

Nor, like a hungry Waiter standing by,

Devour it at distance with your Eye.

Abstain a while, 'tis but a minutes fast,

Take patience, Man, 'twill surely come at last:

Now

Now if the same Behaviour be your guide
In all the actions of your Life beside,
As in respect of Children, Wife, Estate,
Of being Rich, or made a Magistrate;
If modestly you take, and thank kind Heaven
For any of these Blessings to you given;
Or if depriv'd of ought, you straight resign
All to its Will; nor peevishly repine.
Or if as yet unblest, you meekly wait
With humble patience, the decrees of Fate;
Not desperate, nor yet importunate.
Some time or other, when the Gods think fit,
Blest with Eternal Banquets you shall sit
Among th' immortal Powers, and free from care,
Perpetual Joys and Happiness shall share.
But if so great your Soul, as to abstain,
And bravely with a noble scorn disdain
These outward proffers, which Mankind do bless,
You're sure a God, you cannot sure be less.
For what's a God, but a blest Being free'd
From Cares, that never dies, or stands in need?

You

You shall not only be the Guest of Heaven,
 But with the foremost rank of Gods be even;
 Equal in power. By methods such as these
 Great *Heracitus*, Great *Diogenes*,
 And some like them, to deathless honours rise;
 Who, with the Immortal, in due Glory shine;
 Who, as they well deserv'd, were call'd Divine.

XXI.

When you see any one with Tears bemoan
 The loss of Goods, or absence of a Son,
 Whom he perhaps thinks drown'd at Sea, beware
 You be not byass'd here, and fondly share
 His foolish weakness, and commiserate
 His ruin'd and deplorable Estate,
 While vainly he in earnest doth bemoan
 Things in another's power, not in his own.
 To avoid this Error therefore keep in mind
 This reas'ning, 'tis of mighty use you'll find,
 What hath befall'n this man doth not molest
 His Mind, nor plays the Tyrant in his Breast;
 He by his own Opinion is distress'd.

For could the thing it self afflict him, then
 'Twould work the same effect in other Men:
 But this we see disprov'd, since some Men bear
 The like Distresses, without Sigh or Tear.
 You may indeed condole as far as Words,
 This pity meer Civility affords;
 To tell him he's mistaken will irragè
 His Grief; to call him Fool will not assuage.
 Beside 'tis rudeness, barbarous cruelty,
 T' insult even over fancy'd misery:
 Nay, we'll allow that you may sigh with him,
 But then beware, lest you perhaps begin
 To be too sensibly concern'd within.

XXII.

While on this busie Stage, the World, you stay,
 You're, as it were, the Actor of a Play;
 Of such a part therein, as he thinks fit,
 To whom belongs the power of giving it.
 Longer, or shorter, is your part, as he
 The Master of the Revels shall decree.
 If he command you act the Beggar's part,
 Do it with all your Skill, with all your Art,

Though

Though mean the Character, yet ne'er complain,
Perform it well ; as just applause you'll gain,
As he, whose princely Grandeur fills the Stage,
And frights all near him in Heroick rage.
Say you a Cit, or Cripple represent,
Let each be done with the best management.
'Tis in your power to perform with Art,
Though not within your power to choose the part.

XXIII.

The direful Ravens, or the Night-Owls voice,
Frightens the Neighbourhood with boding noise ;
While each believes the knowing Bird portends
Sure Death, or to himself, or to his Friends ;
Though all that the Nocturnal Prophet knows,
Is want of Food, which he by whooting shews.
But say this Oracle, with Wings and Beak,
As certain Truths as *Delphick* Priestesses speak,
And that through prejudice you should suppose
This boder could futurity disclose,
Yet be not mov'd ; distinguish thus, you're free,
These Omens threatening something else, not me :

Some

Some danger to my Body, Goods, or Name,
My Children, or my Wife, they may proclaim;
But these are but the Appendixes of me,
To me these Tokens all auspicious be,
Since I from outward Accidents like these,
May reap much real profit, if I please.

XXIV.

If you would be invincible, you may;
I'll shew y' a certain and a ready way.
You can't be conquer'd, if you never try
In any kind to get the Mastery.
'Tis not within your power to bear away
The Prize, 'tis in your choice not to essay.

XXV.

When any man of greater power you see
Invested with the Robes of Dignity,
In Honours gaudiest, gayest Liv'ry,
Dreaded by all; whose Arbitrary Will,
Whose very Breath, whose very look can kill;
Whose Power, and whose Wealth knows no restraint;
Whose greatness hardly Flattery can paint:

Take care you be not here intangled by
 The too great lustre, that beguiles your eyes;
 Beware you do not envy his Estate,
 Nor think him happier because he's great.
 For if true quiet and tranquillity,
 Consist in things which in our power be,
 What residence can Emulation find ?
 What room hath restless Envy in the mind ?
 Envy and Happiness can ne're reside
 In the same place, nor in one Breast abide;
 Nor do you wish your self (if we may guess
 Your real thoughts by what you do profess)
 To be a Senator or General,
 But to be free (that's greater than them all.)
 This freedom you would gladly learn you say,
 To which there is but one, one only way ;
 Which is to scorn with brave and decent Pride,
 All things that in anothers power reside.

XXVI.

Not he that beats thee, or with slanderous Tongue
 Gives thee ill Language, doth thee any wrong,

Thine

Thine own false Notions give the injury :
 These slander, give the affront, and cudgel thee.
 When words traduce, or blows the Limbs torment,
 Which 'tis not in your power to prevent ;
 This presently you term an injury,
 But give no tolerable reason why.
 You plead your Carkass, and good Name are dear ;
 The Wound goes to your Soul, that wounds you there.
 'Tis false, 'tis but a scratch ; nor can it find
 An entrance thither, or disturb your mind ;
 Without your own consent ; an Injury
 To something else without, 'tis none to thee.
 Thus when provoked, your own Opinion blame,
 'Tis that provokes, and causeth all the pain :
 Wherefore beware, lest Objects such as these
 Gain your assent too soon, with too much ease,
 Lest fancied harms your mind with grief affect,
 Lest fancied bliss should gain too much respect.
 Thus you'll gain leisure, and a thinking time ;
 Your Notions with due measures to confine ;
 To add, to prune, to polish, and refine.

33

XXVII.

Let Death, let Banishment, and every ill,
 Which Mortals thoughts with apprehension fill;
 Which most they dread, and with aversion flie;
 Be always present to your thoughts, and eye,
 But chiefly Death, thus no mean thought shall find
 Harbour, or entertainment in your mind.
 Thus no base fear shall ever force you from
 Your noble principles resolv'd upon.
 Not Tyrant's frowns, nor Tortures shall enslave
 Your fearless Soul, but generously brave,
 You all their little Malice may despise,
 Arm'd only with the thought you once must dye.
 Nor can Death truly formidable seem
 To you, who with it have familiar been,
 Who every day have the pale Bug-bear seen.
 Yet Death's the worst that you can undergo,
 The utmost limit, the last Scene of Woe,
 The greatest spite your Enemy can shew,
 And yet no more, than what the Gout or Stone,
 With more malicious leisure might have done.

Arm'd

Arm'd with the thoughts of Death, no fond desire
Of Wealth, nor the deluding foolish fire
Of Power, shall lead you on with hopes to gain,
What Death hath sworn you shall not long retain.

XXVIII.

Wisdom, you say, is what you most desire,
The only charming Blessing you admire,
Therefore be bold, and fit your self to bear
Many a taunt, and patiently to hear
The grinning foolish Rabble laugh aloud,
At you the sport and pastime of the Crowd,
While in like jeers they vent their filthy spleen,
Whence all this gravity, this careless mein?
And whence, of late, is this Pretender come,
This new Proficient, this Musheroom,
This young Philosopher with half a Beard?
Of him, till now, we have no mention heard.
Whence all this supercilious pride of late?
This stiff behaviour, this affected gate?
This will perhaps be said, but be not you
Sullen, nor bend a supercilious brow,
Lest thus you prove their vile reproaches true,

Which are but words of course, the excrement,
 The usual malice which alike they vent
 Upon the guilty, and the innocent.

But firmly still to what seems best adhere,
 As if by Heaven's commands you ordered were
 To keep that Post, not to be driven from thence
 By force, much less a scurrilous offence.

Which if you still maintain you shall become,
 Even your Revilers admiration :
 Forc'd to confess their faults, they'll court you more
 Than they reproach'd, or laugh'd at you before.

But if through mockery you tamely yield,
 And quit your noble Station in the Field,
 You're to be laugh'd at, on a double score,
 First for attempting, then for giving o're.

XXIX.

If to please others, studying to be dear
 In their kind thoughts, you move beyond your Sphere,
 And look abroad, respect, and praise to gain,
 And the poor outward trifle, call'd a Name :
 You lose the Character you wish to bear,
 You lose your Station of Philosopher.

Let it suffice, that such your self you know,
No matter whether other men think so.
Let it be to your self, if wise you'd seem;
And 'tis enough, you gain your own esteem.

X X X.

Let not these thoughts torment you ; I, alas!
In low ignoble Poverty shall pass
My wretched days, and unregarded lye
Buried alive, in dark obscurity ;
No Honour, no Preferment shall I have,
But Schoch'onless descend into the Grave :
This as a wondrous hardship you bemoan,
A grievous ill, when really 'tis none ;
The outward want of Power, Preferment, Place,
Is no more misery, than 'tis disgrace ;
And that 'tis no disgrace I shall evince ;
Where's the disgrace you are not made a Prince,
Or that you're not invited to a Feast,
'Tis none, by every man of Sense confess ;
For where's the Man in's Wits, that can expect,
That things not in your pow'r you should effect ?

And why of want of power should you complain?
 Who can no place, or honour, justly claim,
 Except in things in your own power; in these
 You may be great, and powerful as you please.
 But then you plead, I thus shall useless grow
 To those I love, nor shall I kindness shew,
 Nor wealth, nor power, on my best Friends bestow,
 Nor by my int'rest cause them to become,
 Free of each gainful Priviledge in Rome,
 Nor when I please an Officer create,
 Nor raise them to be Utenils of State.
 And who e're told you yet, that these things lie
 Within your power or capacity?
 Or where's the Man, that can to others grant
 That Place, or Honour, he himself doth want?
 But they're importunate, alas, and cry,
 Get it, that we your Friends may gain thereby:
 Answer them thus, I'll do it if I can,
 So I may keep my self a modest man,
 Just to my self, still innocent and free,
 A Man of Honour and Integrity,

I'll use my best endeavours ; If I may
Gain it on these conditions, shew the way;
But if you think I'll this true Wealth forgo,
That you may something gain, that is not so;
See how unjust this Self partiality,
And to be plain, you are no Friend for me,
If you prefer a base penurious end,
Before an honest, and a modest Friend ;
Suppose your choice were such, then shew me how
What you so earnestly desire to do,
And keep my Principles of freedom too,
But think not I will part with happiness,
That you some worthless pleasure may possess.
But thus your Country nothing by you gains :
What's this advantage that your Country claims?
Is it that Baths you make, with cost and charge ?
Or Porches build unimitably large ?
Where late Posterity may read your Name,
Which there you Consecrate to lasting Fame ;
These Gifts from you your Country can expect
No more, than Physick from an Architect.

. Or

Or that a Shoemaker should Armour make,
 Or of your Foot a Smith the measure take.
 For 'tis enough, if each perform in's Trade
 The work for which he seems by Nature made:
 If each man mind the way, in which he's plac'd,
 The Smith his Anvil, Shoemaker his Last.
 And thus if you the height of Wisdom reach,
 And what so well you know, as well can teach.
 If by these noble methods you profess,
 You with another honest man can bless,
 The City where you dwell, you give no less
 Than he, who on his Country doth confer
 Porches, or Baths, or Amphitheater.
 Well then i'th' City, where I useful am,
 What Office shall I have? Such as you can,
 Keeping your Honour, and your Conscience free,
 With spotless Innocence, and Modesty.
 But if while fondly you desire to please
 Your fellow Citizens, you part with these;
 You labour but in vain, for where's the use
 Of one grown Impudent and Scandalous?

XXXI.

Is any one saluted, or embrac'd
 With more respect than you, or higher plac'd
 At Table, is he thought more grave and wise,
 Of better parts, and abler to advise;
 Grudge not: but if these things be good, rejoyce
 They're plac'd so well, and meet so good a choice.
 And if they're bad, why should you take offence,
 That you in these have not the preference?
 But how can you, that neither cringe nor bow,
 Nor other Antick Spaniel-tricks do shew,
 Nor flatter, fawn, forswear, assent, or lye,
 Nor use that servile knavish industry,
 By which base supple Slaves their ends obtain,
 The same respect, or the same favour gain?
 And how should you, who scorn to condescend
 With early morning Visits to attend,
 Th' awaking of a rich, proud, pow'rful Friend.
 Expect to share th' advantages that fall
 To him, that helps to fill his crowded Hall?
 Or, like a Centinel, still walks before
 His Patrons House, and almost courts his Door;

Who,

Who, after long attendance, thinks he's blest,
As much as *Persian* bowing to the East,
When the Sun rises from his watry Nest,
And swears the Eastern God doth not dispence
A kinder, or a gentler influence,
And that each look, each smile of his doth bring
Warmth to the Summer, Beauty to the Spring.
Who, when his Lordship frowns, admires the grace
And manly fierceness, that adorns his face.
Applauds the thunder of his well mouth'd Oaths,
And then the modish fashion of his Cloaths,
And vows the Taylor, who the Garments made,
Happy in making them, though never paid.
These are the means by which he stands possess'd
Of Favours, by each Fly-blown Fool caress'd,
At every Feast an acceptable Guest.
These if you'd purchase, and not give the price,
Unjust, unsatiable's your avarice :
As for familiar instance, What's the rate
The Gard'ner holds, and sells his Lettice at ?
Let us suppose a farthing, he that buys
Bears off the Purchase, but lays down the Price ;

Your

Your Sallad wants these Lettice, you with-hold
The small equivalent, for which they're sold.
Nor is your case a jot the worse for this,
For as the Lettice which he bought are his,
So yours, who did not buy, the Farthing is.
Thus if you're not invited out to Dine,
You pay not for his Meat, nor for his Wine,
For he (be not deceiv'd) who entertains,
Doth it not *Gratis*, he too looks for gains.
Right bounteous he seems, but sells his Meat,
And praise expects for every bit you eat,
Each luscious draught, each pleasing delicate,
Is but a specious Snare, a tempting Bait ;
You the rich Entertainment dearly buy,]
By mean, obsequious, servile Flattery.
If then these things, that must be purchas'd thus,
Seem useful to you, and commodious,
Lay down the value, do not think to get,
Unless you give the rate at which they're set.
These, if on easier terms you would provide,
And without paying for them be supply'd,
How can your foolish wish be satisfy'd?

Well then, but shall I nothing have instead
 Of this dear Feast, that still runs in my Head?
 Yes, if you're not insatiable, you have
 Enough in lieu thereof, you're not a Slave,
 You have not prais'd him, who's below your hate,
 You've not admir'd his Dinner, nor his Plate,
 Nor past a Complement against your Will,
 Nor in low cringes shewn your awkward Skill,
 Nor fed his Dogs, to shew the vast respect,
 The Master of the Favourites may expect.
 Nor did y' admire his sumpt'ous Furniture,
 Nor all that civil Insolence endure,
 With which at meeting he informs you how,
 When you depart his presence, you must bow.
 Nor have you born his Arrogance and Pride,
 While he surveys his Board on every side,
 And fancies that he's bountiful and great,
 And thinks he makes you happy by his Meat.

XXXII.

Nature's Design, Decrees, and Will we read,
 In things concerning which we're all agreed,
 Which no Dispute, or Controversie need.

As, say your Neighbour's Boy hath broke a Glass,
 You're apt to cry, these things must come to pass.
 So if your own be broke, you ought from thence
 To learn to bear it with like patience,
 As if 'twere his; thence by degrees ascend,
 As thus, suppose your Neighbour lose a Friend,
 Bury his Wife, or Son, I know you'll cry,
 'Tis not so strange a thing that Mortals dye.
 But say the case be yours, the loss your own,
 Then what a howling's there, what pitious moan,
 What Tears you shed! Ah me! forlorn! undone!
 I've lost, you cry, I've lost my only Son!
 The innocent, sweet, beauteous Youth is dead,
 He's gone, and all my Joys are with him fled.
 When all this while you should remember how
 Your Neighbour's case, like yours, affected you,
 Without a sigh, without a tear, or groan,
 You bore his loss, and so should bear your own.

XXXIII.

As no Man sets up marks that he may miss,
 So no such real thing as ill there is;

For should we grant that ought in Nature's ill,
 Twould argue cruelty, and want of skill
 In the great Artist, who all wise and kind,
 Nothing that is not for thy good design'd,
 Nothing to grieve, or to torment thy mind.
 This you think wisely answer'd, when you say,
 Suppose a Russian beat me on the way,
 Or force me publicly in open Street,
 To take a kick from every Slave I meet,
 Unjust the violence, nor can I bear
 Such an Affront; I must be angry here;
 Even you'll acknowledge this to be an ill;
 Thus you remain in your old Error still.
 I thought that we had clear'd that point before,
 With such plain proof that it requir'd no more;
 I shew'd you 'twas no ill, and bid you blame
 False Notions, the base issue of your Brain.
 You're angry at the Man who did expose
 Your Body to the injury of Blows,
 And yet expose your mind to grief and pain,
 As oft as any Railers pleas'd to stain
 With vile Reproach, the beauty of your Name.

Judge then your self, but judge impartially,
 Who's guilty of the greater injury,
 Since you expose your Mind, your Body he:
 To grieve, be angry, envy, or to hate,
 Are ills indeed, but such as you create;
 For these let not kind Nature be arraign'd,
 You, only you, are to be justly blam'd.
 Wherefore in every thing you undertake
 Let Judgment sit, and Just inquiry make
 Of all preliminaries leading to
 The action, which you have design'd to do,
 Of every consequence and accident,
 That probably may wait on the event,
 Be sure that you can bear it, though it be
 Reproach, or Blows, or Death, with bravery;
 Which if you carelessly neglect to weigh,
 Though brisk and vig'rous at the first essay,
 You'll meet some shameful hind'rance by the way.

XXXIV.

You say you'd win the Olive Crown, and lust
 To reap the Harvest of th' Olympick Dust;

That Mistory may reckon by your Name,
 From the great Year, when such a one o'recame:
 'Tis brave, and by the Gods I wish the same.
 But then consider first what's to be done,
 Through what a course of Hardships you must run.
 E're you proceed, and what may be th' event,
 And consequence of such a great attempt.
 With a strict course of Life you must begin,
 Confin'd by Methods and sharp Discipline:
 According to direction you must eat.
 Nothing that's Boil'd, and such a kind of Meat
 As is allow'd; then you must drink no Wine,
 Nor yet cold Water, and observe your time.
 For Exercise, you must your self inure,
 The Summers heat, and Winters cold endure.
 These preparations made, you then must try,
 If possible, to gain the Victory,
 And that not without labour, danger, harm,
 Or loss of Ribs, perhaps a Leg or Arm;
 And when whole pecks of Dust you've swallow'd,
 Been lasht, and all things requisite have done,
 'Tis possible that you may lose the Crown.

These Hazards when you've thoroughly survey'd,
You still may venture on, nor be dismay'd,
You'll find the *burthen* lighter which you've weigh'd,
Else you'll desist, and jade, like wanton Boys,
Who tir'd, and pleas'd, with novelty and Toys,
Scarce warm in one, begin another play,
And scorn the tedious sport of yesterday,
Who sometimes Pipers, Wrestlers, represent,
Or with tough Cudgel try their hardiment;
Sometimes the Horn, or the shrill Trumpet sound,
And Tragedies, and kill without a Wound.
Thoughtless as they, one while your hand you'll try
In Wrestling, Fencing next, then Poetry,
In Rhet'rick, nay, perhaps, Philosophy.
But fail in each, and all these pains bestow,
Ridiculous as possible to grow,
And make a wondrous busle to express
A reverend, and more serious Childishness;
Like a grave Ape, whom Nature did create
A Type of you, who can but imitate;
Who one thing now, another straight admire,
Who hurried on with violent desire,

Plunge over head and ears, before you know,
 How deep the silent smooth fac'd Waters flow,
 Or weigh the Hardships you must undergo.
 Thus some, when any much fam'd man they spy
 Admir'd for Wisdom, and for Modesty,
 Much list'ned to, and courted every where,
 And then perhaps, some grave Quotation hear,
*How true speaks Socrates, nor can it be,
 That any should discourse as well as he.*
 Are taken with an Itch of being Wise;
 They too, forsooth, must needs Philisophize.

X X X V.

Having consider'd thus, what's to be done,
 The hazards, hardships, and the risque you run;
 Consider with what strength you are endow'd,
 What Nature for th' encounter hath allow'd.
 As if y' affect the *Olimpick* Exercise,
 Examine well your Back, your Shoulders, Thighs,
 What Brawn, what Sinews for the Enterprize.
 Nor will each sort of strength suit each exploit,
 This runs, that leaps, this wrestles, throws the Coit;

So if the Combat with your self you try,
 And by strict methods of Philosophy,
 Your own rebellious Passions strive to tame;
 And thus a more illustrious Conquest gain.
 You can't expect t'indulge and gratifie
 Your Genius with accustom'd Luxury.
 Nay 'tis a Contradiction, 'tis t'obey
 Those very Lusts you mean to drive away.
 You should consider whether you can bear
 The want of far-fetch'd Dainties, travell'd Chear;
 You should consider whether you can Dine,
 Without a Catalogue of costly Wine;
 Whether that squeamishness you can forget,
 That makes you keep an Almanack for Meat,
 That makes you sweat, and faint, when you behold
 A novelty that's more than one day old;
 And to be short, and serious, what you think
 Of Roots for Food, and the cold Stream for Drink.
 Philosophy, like some brave Heroe bred,
 With Labours harden'd, and with Hardships fed,
 Awake, she cries, and let the early Sun
 Blush that he sees his vigilance out-done.

Arise,

Arise, pursue, press forward, drive away
With chearful toil, the tedious ling'ring day,
Business thy sport, and Labour be thy play.
You should consider how you can dispence,
With leaving home to gain Experience.
How you can part with Friends, and Native Air;
How the Fatigues of Travel you can bear;
How in a thred-bare Garment, old and torn,
You can endure the slights, and saucy scorn
Of Pages, Grooms, who in proud Liv'ries dress'd,
Fancy a tatter'd Coat a mighty Jest.
How it will relish with you to be us'd
Worse than the basest Slaves, to be refus'd
All Honour, Power, Trust, Preferment, Place,
Not to be call'd your Worship, styl'd your Grace,
In these examine well your self, and try
Whether you're willing, at such rates to buy
Freedom, a quiet mind, and constancy:
Lest like the Boys I told you of, you prove
Now a Philosopher, then fall in love
With frothy trash of Orators, and thence
Straight a Collector of th' Excise commence;

Then

Then tir'd with this, your fond desires dilate,
 And wish to be a Minister of State.
 These are wide contraries, as opposite
 As Virtue is to Vice, as Black to White,
 You can but make one single Man, and he
 A wise good Man, or foolish Knave must be:
 He the full sway over himself must have,
 Or be to things, not in his power, a Slave;
 Skill'd in these inward Arts, or those without,
 Be wise, or herd amongst the common rout;
 Or a Philosopher, or Idiot.

XXXVI.

Let your Respects and Services agree,
 And be proportion'd to the Quality
 Of him, to whom these Services you pay;
 Is he your Father? Know you must obey,
 And cherish him, considering all his care
 For you, when weak and helpless yet you were,
 And bear with him in all things, knowing how
 Nature oblig'd him to be kind to you;
 All this to Gratitude it self is due.

He

He heard your peevish brawling, strove t'allay
Your Childish wrath, and wip'd your Tears away;
And can't you bear an angry word, or blow,
From one s'indulgent, one that lov'd you so,
Who gave you Being? Who may well be said
Twice to have given you Life, in that he fed,
In that with so much tenderness he bred
Your younger years. Oh! but perhaps you'll say.
He's wicked and severe, I can't obey.
A lame excuse, let him be what he will,
Morose, or wicked, *He's your Father still;*
What e're his Morals are, he may expect
From you at least, a filial respect;
You can't believe that Nature's bound to find
A Parent for you, suited to your mind.
Well, but you think your Brother injures you,
You ask me here what Nature bids you do?
Nature obligeth you to pass it by,
Bids you neglect the fancy'd injury,
Nor mind what's done by him, but bids you shew
The hearty love you to your Brother owe,

Which

Which can't be shewn by more commodious light,
 Than when y' oppose your goodness to his spight ;
 And what long since I told you, think on still,
 No one can injure you against your Will,
 The wrong you suffer doth from fancy grow ;
 You then are hurt, when you imagine so.
 If by this steady ballance then, you try
 The mutual Duties of Society,
 Which Men to Men, Neighbours to Neighbours owe,
 Which Souldiers to their Generals should shew ;
 Which Citizens should pay their Magistrate ;
 You'l grant they're to be paid, without debate,
 Offence, or Envy, Prejudice, or Hate.

XXXVII.

In this the main point of Religion lies,
 To have right Notions of the Deities :
 As that such Beings really are, that they
 Govern the World with just and prudent sway,
 That chearfully you are oblig'd t' obey
 All their Commands, well satisfy'd to rest
 On what they do, as order'd for the best ;

That whatsoever is by them decreed,
From an All-knowing Wisdom doth proceed.
Thus their wise Government you'll fear to blame,
Or, as neglected, peevishly complain.
But 'tis not likely you should have this sense,
These reverent Notions of their Providence,
Nor can you without murmuring resent,
Their partial and unequal management,
If you distinguish into Good and Ill,
Things not depending on your Power and Will.
Now if these attributes of Bad and Good,
Of things within your power be understood,
You lay the fault at your own Door, and clear
The Gods of being partial and severe.
But if you think that outward things can be
Some good, some bad; with this absurdity
You wound the goodness of the Deity.
Your God a vile malicious Fiend you make,
Cruel, or weakly, given to mistake;
Whom, when you foolishly averſe would fly
Death, or like natural neceſſity,

Or any thing, which you have wisht for, miss,
 You needs must hate, and say the fault is his;
 To whom, though he hath kindly given you Will
 To wish, or not to wish, y' impute the ill;
 And, as 'tis nat'ral, with like hate reflect
 On him, the cruel cause, as on th' effect.
 Insects, and Brutes themselves, have thus much sense,
 Alike t' abhor th' Offender and th' Offence;
 Thus a fierce Cur follows and bites the Stone,
 And then pursues the Man by whom 'twas thrown,
 As on the contrary, they love, th' admire,
 What serves their wants, and answers their desire:
 And none, sure, but a Mad-man can rejoyce
 In' that which plagues him, ruines, and destroys.
 Hence 'tis the Father's hated by the Son,
 Hence 'tis the Grave old Man grows troublesome;
 The dry Bones keeps him from a large Estate,
 To which he fears he shall succeed too late:
 He therefore daily wishes he were dead,
 That his kind Heir might flourish in his Read.
 Hence that pernicious fatal War arose,
 Which *Thebes* to Blood and Ruine did expose.

For proud *Eteocles* resolv'd to Reign,
And *Polynices* would his Right maintain,
For both would rule, and both would be obey'd,
Each thought his Brother did his Right invade;
Each thought Dominion was a Sovereign good;
Each would assert his Int'rest with his Blood.
Hence 'tis the Plow-man, when tempestuous Rain,
Or Draught, have render'd all his Labour vain,
Rails on the Gods: Hence 'tis the Sailer raves,
When tost with furious Winds, and threatening Waves:
Hence 'tis the Merchant curses, if he fail
Of a quick Market, or a gainful Sale:
Hence they, who lose Children or Wife, complain,
That they, alas! have Sacrific'd in vain:
What e're they suffer, vainly wish, or fear,
The Gods, for certain, all the blame must bear,
Nor are they pious longer than they find
The Gods are grateful, in remembrance kind:
Only devout while Favours they obtain,
They make Religion but a kind of gain.
Now he that only wisheth things may be
Just as they are, as the blest'd Gods decree,

Whose

Whose wife aversion only doth decline
 Things he hath power to shun, can he repine,
 Nor be provok'd to murmur or blaspheme,
 Nor through false Notions lay the fault on them ;
 He's the true pious Man. But here you'll say,
 If we may only wish for what we may
 Bestow upon our selves, pray where's the need
 That we raise Temples, or that Victims Bleed ?
 Why should we Presents on their Altars lay ?
 And why with Incense court them every day ?
 Where's the Reward for this ? What's the return
 Of all this Smoak, and the Perfumes we burn ?
 Will you not worship them, unless you have
 All that your Lust and Avarice can crave ?
 Methinks they've given enough, in that you live
 Under their prudent care, who know to give
 Better than you to ask ; who that bestow,
 Which most for your convenience they know.
 Let's add to this, (if this will not suffice,)
 They've made you capable of being Wise.
 Are these mean Reasons why you Sacrifice ?

Wherefore your Offerings and Oblations pay
 With usual Rites, after your Countries way.
 Let them be given, as what you really owe,
 Without th' allay of vanity or shew,
 Nor niggardly, nor with too great expence,
 With all devotion, care, and diligence.

XXXVIII.

When you consult the Oracle, or those,
 Who the deep Secrets of the Gods disclose,
 Who fill'd with a Divine Prophetick rage,
 The Will of Heaven, and its Decrees presage,
 'Tis plain, the dark Event you cannot tell,
 Else why do you consult the Oracle?
 But if you're a Philosopher, you know
 Thus much at least of it, before you go;
 That if of things not in our power, th' event
 Must be infallibly indifferent,
 Nor good, nor bad; when therefore you draw nigh
 The hallow'd Cavern of the Deity,
 The Will, and the Decrees of Fate inquire,
 Approach without aversion or desire,

Else to the sacred Vault you'll trembling come,
 Like Men who are Arraign'd, to hear their Doom.
 And know, that whatſoe're the Fates ordain,
 From thence, at leaſt, this benefit you gain,
 That rightly uſing this, or that Decree,
 You make a Vertue of Neceſſity;
 And what this benefit doth moſt inhaunce,
 'Tis ſuch as will admit no hinderance :
 Therefore with Courage to the Gods repair,
 To whom you freely may your doubts declare,
 As to your Friends, in whom you moſt confide,
 Whoſe Prudence and Integrity you've try'd ;
 And what they bid you do, let it be done
 With the moſt prudent care, remembring whom
 You choſe for Counſellors, whom you neglect,
 If their Advice you ſlight, or diſreſpect.
 Nor muſt you every little doubt propoſe
 To their Divinities, but ſuch as thoſe,
 Which as wiſe *Socrates* was wont to ſay,
 Are very dark, abſtruſe, and out o'th' way;
 Such as are clear'd by their events alone,
 Which by no humane methods can be ſhewn.

You must not such light Queries here propound,
 Which every man of common sense may sound:
 As whether Med'cines can restore the Dead?
 Or *Hellebore* can purge a Mad-man's Head?
 No Riddles here, in which old Wives delight,
 With which those aged *Sphinxes* pass the Night,
 Nor such a knot as easily's unr'y'd,
 Nor questions which by Sieve and Shears are try'd,
 But something difficult, and much involv'd,
 Fit only by a God to be resolv'd.
 Therefore when Reason says you're bound t'oppose,
 Though hazarding your Life, your Countries Foes,
 And with Heroick danger to defend
 Him you think worthy to be call'd your Friend,
 What need of Heavenly information here,
 Of Prophet, Augur, or Astrologer?
 Nothing but Falshood, or base Cowardice,
 Can make a scruple of a case like this,
 Since Reason hath determin'd long ago,
 Whether you ought t'expose your self or no.
 Nay, let's suppose that you're resolv'd to try
 This dubious weighty point by Augury,

And

And that by some unlucky Omen's meant
 Death, or the loss of Limbs, or Banishment ;
 Yet should these Mischiefs really ensue,
 Which by foreboding signs do threaten you,
 In spite of Exile, Wounds, nay Death, you must
 Be to your Friend, and to your Country Just ;
 And Reason still commands you to redress,
 The one in danger, th' other in distress.
 Remember how that Miscreant was us'd,
 Who this kind Office to his Friend refus'd,
 By the just Oracle, who drove away
 Th' ingrateful Wretch, and thus was heard to say,
 Be gone, thou base Deserter of thy Friend !
 Thy presence doth our Deity offend ;
 Thou saw'st the Murd'rer give the fatal wound,
 Thou saw'st thy Friend lye weltring on the ground,
 Without concern thou did'st behold him bleed,
 And not relieving did'st approve the Deed :
 Depart, for thou, even thou, thy Friend hast slain ;
 Hence, thou abandon'd Wretch, thou dost our Shrine
 (prophane.

XXXIX.

Frame to your self some forms, some rules, whereby
 To guide your Life, on which to keep your Eye;
 Which whether to your self you live recluse,
 Or which in Conversation you may use,
 For there are dangers, which the wise would fly:
 Both in Retirement and Society.
 For neither can a Ship with safety ride
 Within her Port, if not with Cables ty'd;
 Nor can she be secure, when under Sail,
 Though in fair Weather with a prosperous Gale;
 Unless known Rules, by long Experience try'd,
 Her well-spread Canvass, and her Rudder guide.
 Not only in the main do Tempests roar,
 They strike the Flats, and riot on the shore;
 And skilful Sailers, with just Reason doubt
 Dangers within, as well as those without.

XL.

Let modest silence be your greatest care
 In humane Conversation, and beware
 Of being over talkative, and shun
 That lewd perpetual motion of the Tongue,

That

That itch of speaking much, and be content
That your Discourse, (though short) be pertinent;
And when occasion serves, then speak your sense,
Without an over-weaning confidence.
Nor catch at every Bait, nor open at
The common opportunities of Chat ;
As, such a Fencer play'd his part with skill,
That such a Wrestler breaks what Rib he will:
That such a Horse is of the fleetest kind,
And that his Dam ingender'd with the Wind:
That a full cry of deep-mouth'd, long ear'd Hounds
Is the most sweet, and ravishing of Sounds :
That such a Lord with the best Wines doth treat,
Has the best Cook, is the best read in-Meat.
These are the thred-bare *Themes* that please the crowd,
The ignorant, the thoughtless, and the proud.
But chiefly shun discourse concerning Men,
Nor fondly this man praise, and that condemn,
For all immod'rate, and too lavish praise,
Too great an Expectation's apt to raise :
For by reviling others you express
Your little Wisdom, but much bitterness.

Nor

Nor with absurd comparisons defame
 One man, by adding to another's Name :
 For thus, by way of foyle, the ones disgrace
 Sets off the Character you mean to raise ;
 With Hemlock this you Crown, and that with Bays.

X L I.

Among your friends, with whom you may be free.
 If vain, or frivolous their converse be,
 Or seem to favour of Indecency.
 Alter the subject, sure you may invent
 Some profitable, pleasing argument,
 Which like a gentle Tide, with easie force
 May stop the current of the first discourse :
 But among strangers learn to hold your Tongue,
 Your good Intentions may be constru'd wrong,
 You may be term'd impertinent or rude,
 Wise out of season, and be said t' intrude.

X L I I.

Laughter, if rightly us'd, may be confess'd,
 In some sort to distinguish Man from Beast,
 While by due management it is allay'd,
 While the strict Rules of Reason are obey'd ;

But

But shews if over loud, or over long,
Your Head but weak, alth' your Lungs be strong.
For even a smile, not in its proper place,
Too Just a blemish on your Judgment lays;
But causless laughter at each thing you see,
That grinning of the thoughtless Mobile,
That senseless gaping Mirth, that is express
Without the provocation of a Jest,
That wild Convulsive writhing of the Face,
That quite disfigures it from what it was,
Doth with humanity so little suit,
It makes you but a different sort of Brute.

XLIII.

Avoid th' engagement of an Oath, or swear
As seldom as you can, at least forbear
To bind your self to what you cannot do,
And only swear to that which lies in you;
For 'tis a wicked, blasphemous Offence,
To call the Gods to each Impertinence,
To make them Knights o'th' Post, to testify
That to be truth you know to be a lye.

XLIV.

If with Civility you can decline
 All publick Feasts, and learn at home to Dine
 With sober Food, at your own charge content;
 But if oblig'd, in point of Complement,
 To eat abroad, be it your care to shun
 The vulgar Dregs of Conversation;
 As common vile Discourse, and dirty Jest,
 The nauseous merriment of greasie Feasts;
 For if your Company be Lewd, you may
 Soon grow as Dissolute and lewd as they,
 For there's Contagion in each Word they speak,
 Each Simile they make, each Jest they break;
 Their very Breath invenoms all the Chear,
 As if the Harpy-Sisters had been there.
 Thus hurtful Vapours, rising from the ground,
 Poyson what e're they meet, leave nothing sound.
 Thus a blear'd weeping Eye is apt to make
 Th' infected Eyes of the beholders ake.
 Thus Sheep diseas'd, pall'd Wine, corrupted Fruit,
 If mixt, the healthful, sprightly, sound, pollute.

XLV.

For Meat, Drink, Cloaths, House, Servants, and the rest
 Which chiefly are the Bodies interest,
 Take this prescription, you may safely use
 Such a proportion as will most conduce
 To the internal welfare of your mind,
 And that's as much as Nature hath design'd.
 Take just as much of each, as may suffice
 For Health, and strengthening of your Faculties,
 What your Necessities require; but fly
 Whatever tends to Pride, or Luxury.
 The frugal Belly's easily supply'd,
 With wholesome, homely fare well satisfy'd;
 Nor hungry, doth abstain from Meat, because
 Not dress'd with Art, with some peculiar Sauce,
 Nor thirsty, do you stay for choice of Wine,
 Nor do rich Delicates your parts refine:
 Nay, the Mind suffers as the Body doth,
 Intemperance hath the same effect on both.
 Our Ancestors on Roots and Acorns fed,
 Drank the cool Brook, nor seek an aking Head:

Without Disease, or Pain, they liv'd to see,
A numerous, and a well-grown Progeny,
And were, no doubt, as witty, and as wise,
Without the help of studied Rarities.
An home-spun Surr, tho' coarse, will keep you warm,
And the keen Winters rigour will disarm.
Better than costly Robes of *Tyrian* Dye,
Beset with Pearl, or rich Embroidery.
Nor need you such a stately House, as may
Afford a different Room for every day.
Through the whole year, with a large spacious Hall,
Since one small Room may serve instead of all.
Since you in one may eat, drink, walk, and sleep.
And why so many Servants will you keep?
Where's the necessity of all this State?
Is it below you on your self to wait?
Have you not Limbs, and Health, and Strength, to do
Those Offices, which they perform for you?
But you, perhaps, believe 'tis base, and mean,
On your own Strength, on your own Legs to lean,
And vainly think 'tis granted and allow'd,
That to be generous, is to be proud,

And

And therefore when you're pleas'd to take the Air,
By brawny Slaves you're carried in a Chair;
Therefore you hire a Cook to dress your Meat;
'Tis much you do not think 'tis mean to Eat.

XLVI.

Before you're Married, strive to live as free
As possibly you can from Venery;
Though 'tis a Lust of a Rebellious kind,
That owns the least subjection to the Mind,
Th' effort of Flesh and Blood, the furious Horse,
That bears against the Bit with headstrong force:
Yet you're oblig'd in Justice to refrain,
And to preserve your Body without stain.
For as you think 'twould lessen your Repute
To marry with a common Prostitute,
So you're oblig'd to give your self entire
To the chaste Arms of her whom you admire;
But if you're borne so forcibly away,
As not for *Hymen* and her Rites to stay,
Yet still your Countries Laws claim just respect,
Though you the Rules of Chastity neglect.

Though ne'r so Rampant, sure you may abstain
 From what's forbidden, from unlawful game ;
 As from Adultery ; nor need you wrong
 Another, though your Lusts be ne're so strong ;
 Since there are other Liberties allow'd,
 T' assuage this scorching Fever of the Blood.
 But if you're throughly mortify'd, and find
 No Inclination left for Womankind,
 Yet grow not proud upon'r, nor those accuse,
 Who court those Sensual Pleasures you refuse ;
 Nor boast your Virtue such, that you despise
 The weak attractions of a pleasing Eye :
 That you, forsooth, are cold as *Scythian* Ice,
 For boasting is a most intemp'rate Vice,
 Not worse the wanton sport that you despise.
 No, 'tis the Letch'ry of the Mind, for which
 There's no excuse of Flesh and Blood, an itch
 Of being prais'd, which rather than you'l want,
 Even you your self are your own Sycophant.

X L V I I.

When you're inform'd that any one through spight,
 Or an ill natur'd, scurrilous delight

Of railing, flanders you, or doth accuse
 Of doing something base, or scandalous,
 Disquiet nor your self for an excuse,
 Nor blustering swear he wrongs you with a lye,
 But slight th' abuse, and make this calm reply:
 Alas! he's ignorant; for had he known
 My other faults and follies, he had shewn
 Those too, nor had he spoke of this alone.

XLVIII.

There's no great need that you should oft appear
 At Shews, or help to crowd the Theatre:
 But if it be expected you should be
 Amongst the rest, at the Solemnity
 Of Sacred Sports, when 'tis requir'd that all
 Should joyn to Celebrate the Festival;
 See with Indifference, and lay aside
 Partiality, and wish on neither side;
 And be not more concern'd for what you see,
 Than your own Quiet, and Tranquillity:
 Be these your main concern, your greatest care
 And wish that things may be just as they are,

And that the Victory may fall to him,
Who gains the Day, who doth the Garland win:
For while to neither, to your self you're kind,
Nor can you any disappointment find,
Be not transported, do not laugh aloud,
Nor roar in Confort with the bellowing croud,
When the Shew's over, when from thence you come,
Dispute not much concerning what was done;
As, who's the tallest Fellow of his Hands,
Who best the Lance, who best the Sword commands;
Or whether such an one was fairly slain,
This is to act th' Encounter o're again.
But say, y' out-talk'd the other, win the Prize,
Are you a jot the better, or more wise?
You only shew that you admire the Sport,
When there's no tollerable reason for't,
And why so great a wonder is it made,
That a Man's quick, or dext'rous at his Trade?
That one of greater strength, or greater skill,
Should get the better; that a Sword will kill?

XLIX.

Avoid, if possible, th' Impertinence
Of those who prostitute their Eloquence,
Who with a long Harangue from Desk, or Stage,
Both the rich Mobile, and poor engage:
For what advantage are you like to gain,
By hearing some one a whole hour Declaim,
While *Alexander's* Justice he commends,
For murd'ring all's best and trustiest Friends?
How are you better'd by a turn'd discourse
Of *Phaleris* his Bull, or *Sinon's* Horse?
Or a description that's design'd to shew
The various colours of the Heavenly Bow,
In a discourse almost as long as it,
Which the vile trifling Scribler takes for Wit?
What wisdom can you learn from *Circes* Hogs?
From *Hecuba* turn'd Bitch, or *Scylla's* Dogs?
From weeping *Niobe* transform'd to Stone,
Or bloody *Tereus* feeding on his Son?
But if in Manners you're oblig'd to attend,
Because, perhaps, the Author is your Friend;

Or if that Tyrant, Custom, bring you there,
 Be Grave, but not Morose, nor too severe,
 Nor play the Critick, nor be apt to Jeer;
 Nor by detraction seek Inglorious praise;
 Nor seem to weep, when he your Joy would raise;
 Nor grin, nor swear, when some sad passion tries
 To draw the brinish humour from your Eyes,
 Nor to the Company disturbance cause,
 By finding fault, or clamorous applause;
 Be sober and sedate, nor give offence,
 Or to your self, or to the Audience.

L.

When you have ought to do, or are to treat
 With Persons whose Authority is great,
 Let *Socrates* and *Zeno* shew you how,
 And what their prudence would think fit to do,
 Were they to manage this affair for you.
 With what a temper; how serene and brave,
 In such a case, would they themselves behave?
 For neither would they crouch, nor yield thro' fear,
 Nor would they rude, or insolent appear;

Nor would they any thing unseemly say,
Nor yet through flatt'ry give the cause away.
By these great Patterns act, you cannot fail,
Wisdom and Courage joyn'd must needs prevail.

L I.

These things before-hand to your self propose,
When you're about to visit one of those
Who are call'd great; perhaps he's not within,
Or likely he's retir'd, nor to be seen:
Perhaps his Porter, some rough sturdy Boor,
Amongst the Beggars thrusts you from the Door,
Or when, at length, you have admittance got,
His Honour's busie, or he minds you not.
But if in spite of each Impediment,
In spite of Sights, Affronts, you still are bent
To make this Visit, know you must dispencc
With such small accidents, nor take offence
When you're despis'd, nor with the vulgar cry,
'Tis not so great a matter, what care I;
In whom you through the Vizard may discern
(Howe're they strive to hide it) a concern,

Who

Who like the Fox in *Æsa*, seem to get
Those Grapes at naught, as lowre, they cannot get.

L I I.

Boast not in Company of what you've done,
What Battles you have fought, what hazards run,
How first at such a Siege of such a Town,
You Scal'd the Walls, and won the Mural Crown;
And how your Skill and Conduct gain'd the day,
While Hosts of slaughter'd Foes about you lay:
For while your Actions you your self relate,
You from your real Merits derogate.
With your own breath you blow away your praise,
And overthrow those Trophies you would raise;
You talk away those Honours you have got,
While some despise you, some believe you not;
Nor is't as pleasant, or agreeable
To them to hear, as 'tis to you to tell;
What is't to them what Lawrels you have gain'd?
What dangers you've escap'd, what wounds sustain'd?
Perhaps they fancy all that you have said
Doth but their Sloth, or Cowardice upbraid;

And

And vex'd, or tir'd, they wish you all the same
Dangers, and Wounds, and Hardships o're again.

L I I I.

'Tis but a sorry sort of praise to be
A Droll, the Jester of each Company,
A raiser of loud Laughter, a Buffoon,
The sport, and the Diversion of the Town:
For he that strains to please, and humour all,
Into the Common-shore of talk must fall.
He that would make each Merry must of force
With every folly, temper his discourse;
Sometimes talk down-right Bawdry, then despise
The Gods, and laugh at dull Morality.
From such behaviour, what can you expect
But to be laugh'd at, and to lose respect.
You think you're much admir'd, tho' much deceiv'd,
You're neither lov'd, respected, nor believ'd.
For who would trust, love, honour, or commend
The Wretch, who for a Jest betrays his Friend:
To whom there's naught so dear in Heaven or Earth,
He would not make the Subject of his Mirth.

H

L I V. You

LIV.

You make your self contemptible and mean,
A Member of the Rabble, if obscene
In Conversation, wherefore when you find
Some one to lewd discourse too much inclin'd,
Lecture him soundly for it, if there be
A fit, convenient, opportunity.
Tell him he vents much filth, but little wit,
And only gains th' applause of Fools by it.
Tell him 'tis such as some must needs resent,
Besides 'tis needless and impertinent.
But if by Wine, or Company engag'd,
He by your good Advice may be enrag'd,
By silence, frowns, or blushes, shew that you,
That nauseous Conversation disallow.

L V.

When some Idea, that excites desire,
Courts you in all its best and gay attire ;
As when your fancy lays you on a Bed
Of Roses, and twines myrtle round your Head,
Near am'rous shady Groves, and purling Springs,
While hovering Cupids fan you with their Wings,

While

While you in the dear Fetters are confin'd,
 Of some soft Beauties Arms, that's fair as kind,
 Take heed least here so far you do pursue
 That fancy'd pleasure, as to wish it true :
 You're just upon the precipices brink,
 Pause then a little, and take time to think;
 Examine well the Object, and compare
 Th' unequal periods, which allotted are
 To weeping Penitence, and short liv'd bliss,
 How long the one, how short the other is :
 Joy in a nimble moment ends its race,
 And rueful, pale Repentance takes its place,
 And moves with a sad sullen heavy pace,
 Attended all the way with groans and cries,
 Self Accusations, Sighs, and war'ry Eyes.
 Think then what joy and pleasure you will find;
 That is, what peace, and quiet in your mind,
 How you will praise your self, and bless your care,
 When you escape the dang'rous pleasing snare.
 But if you think the pleasure may content ;
 So safe, agreeable, convenient,
 As that you'll have no reason to repent :

Take heed you be not by its sweets subdu'd,
 Drag'd by its smiling force to Servitude :
 And think you much 'tis better to be free,
 The Conqu'rou of such powerful charms to be,
 And triumph in so great a Victory.

LVI.

When you resolve to do what's right, and fit,
 Why should you shun being seen in doing it ;
 Why should you sneak, or why avoid the light,
 Like conscious Bats, that only fly by night.
 What though the vulgar, who all sence disclaim,
 That many headed Monster without brain,
 Your Actions through gross ignorance condemn ?
 You're likely in the right, when blam'd by them.
 But if the Action's bad, you ought to shun
 Th' attempting it, for 'tis not to be done.
 If good ; what cause have you to dread, or fly
 Their false reproaches, and rude calumny.

LVII.

As we speak sence, and cannot but be right,
 When we affirm 'tis either day or night. \

But rave, and talk rank nonsense, when we say,
At the same instant, 'tis both night and day;
So 'tis a contradiction at a Feast,
To take the largest share, to cut the best,
And be a fair and sociable Guest.
You may, 'tis true, your Appetite appease,
But not your Company, nor Treater please,
Wherefore of this absurdity beware,
And take a modest, and an equal share;
Nor think each sav'ry bit that's there your due,
Nor let your Entertainment blush for you.
You may as well say 'tis both day and night,
As strive, at once, t'indulge your Appetite,
And please the rest, and him that doth invite:

LVIII.

If you assume too great a Character,
Such as your feeble Shoulders cannot bear,
You must at best, ridiculous appear.
Clad in a Lyons Skin, you only bray,
The Ears stick out, and the dull Ass betray,
Besides you foolishly neglect the part,
In which you might have shewn much Skill and Art.

LIX.

As walking you tread warily, for fear
You strain your Leg, or least some Nail should tear
Your Feet, let the like caution be your Guide,
In all the Actions of your Life beside.

Fear to offend your Judgment, fear to slight
Reason, th' unbyast Rule of wrong and right,
Under whose conduct we more safely may
Follow, where her Discretion leads the way.

LX.

As the Shoo's made to serve and fit the Foot,
As the Leg gives the measure to the Boot,
So our Possession should be measur'd by
The Body's use, and its necessity.
If here you stop, content with what you need,
With what will keep you warm, your Body feed;
Within the bounds of Temperance you live.
But if the Reins you to your Wishes give;
If Natures limits you but once transgress,
You tumble down a headlong Precipice
Into a boundless Gulph: This we may see,
If we pursue our former similitie:

For let's suppose, your Shoo made tight and fit,
 Strong, warm, and easie, as 'tis requisite,
 What more can be desired from a Shoo,
 Tis all that Hide, and Thread, and Wax can do ;
 But if you look for more, you're hurry'd on
 Beyond your bounds, and then 'tis ten to one,
 That it must be more modish, pinkt, and wrought,
 Then set with Pearls, from farthest *Indies* brought,
 Then with Embroidery, and Purple shine,
 No matter if 'tis useles, so 'tis fine.
 So there's no farther stay, no farther bound,
 By those wh' exceed just measures, to be found.

L X I.

Women, when once arriv'd at dear fourteen,
 Begin to be admir'd, and gain esteem,
 They are call'd Mistresses, and now they find,
 That they for Man's diversion are design'd,
 To which they're not averse, perceiving then
 That their Preferment lies in pleasing Men,
 In being made Companions of their Beds,
 They straight begin to curl, t' adorn their Heads,

To Comb, Perfume, and to consult the Glaſs,
To ſtudy what attire commends a Face,
To practice Smiles, and a beguiling Air;
Each thinks ſhe is as happy as ſhe's fair;
As ſhe can pleaſe, as ſhe can conquer Hearts,
In theſe, and thouſand other ſuch like Arts,
They place their only hopes, on theſe depend,
And earneſtly expect the wiſht for end.

Wherefore 'tis fit that they be taught to know,
That theſe Reſpects, and Honours, that we ſhew
To them on this account are only due;
That as they're fair, ſo they are modeſt too;
That they are ſpotleſs, grave, reſerv'd, and wiſe,
That theſe ingaging Vertues are the ties,
That more oblige, than Arts, or Amorousieſ.

LXII.

In outward Actions, to ſpend too much time,
Is of ſtupidity too ſure a ſign,
As long to exerciſe, and long to eat,
To ſpend whole days, at leaſt, to cram down Meat,
To try what Drink your Belly will contain,
To be disgorg'd, to be piſt out again,

Than

Than half an hour, like a dull grinning Fool,
 To make wry Faces over a Close-stool;
 Or like a brutish Swine, in sensual strife,
 To wallow out whole hours with your dull Wife.
 When all this precious time should be assign'd,
 For brave endeavours to improve your mind.

LXIII.

Doth any strive to wrong you, or design
 To stain your Reputation with a Crime?
 Consider, he believes this wrong your due,
 That he doth only what he ought to do,
 For 'tis a thing impossible, that he
 Should so in Sentiments with you agree,
 As not to follow his own bent of mind,
 And that to which his Judgment is inclin'd.
 Now if through carelessness he judge amiss,
 He suffers most, and all the harm is his.
 He truly suffers most, whose Reason's light,
 Is clouded o're, whom Error doth benight:
 He th' Affront to his own Reason gives,
 Who thinks wrong right, who falshood truth believes.

Then

Then why should his mistakes your Soul torment?
 His own mistakes, are his own punishment,
 He wrongs his Judgment, not the truth, or you;
 You still are guiltless, still what's truth is true,
 Still 'tis a certain truth (what e're he say)
 That whensoe're the Sun appears, 'tis day.
 And thus prepar'd, you patiently may bear
 His rudeness, and unmov'd his flanders hear,
 And calmly answer, that such things to him
 Fit to be done, fit to be said, may seem.

L X I V.

If you a strict enquiry make, you'll find
 That to each thing, two handles are assign'd.
 One not to be endur'd, that will admit
 No touch, there's none alas, can manage it.
 The other tractable, which every hand
 With moderate Skill, and Prudence may command.
 If then your Brother injures you, through Pride,
 Or Fraud, lay hold upon the safer side;
 And do not straight examine his Offence,
 Toucht with too deep, and too grievous a sense

Of the wrong offer'd, least you discompose
Your mind, and wrath to injury oppose,
Least in a Tempest you your self engage,
Which only serves to blow, t' inflame his rage:
But rather think how near you are ally'd,
That such Offences ought not to divide,
And break the knot, which Natures hand hath ty'd;
Remember all the happy years you spent
Under one Roof, and the same management;
Remembring this, you'l soon forget the ill
Your Brother did you, he's your Brother still.

L X V.

If I should boast I wealthier am than you,
It follows not that I am better too.
If I should say, I'm the more florid Man,
It follows not, I therefore better am.
It rather follows, I am Richer far,
Therefore my well fill'd Bags the better are:
My Tongue is better hung, my Phrase more neat,
Therefore my Language is the more compleat.

Your

Your Bags and fluent Speech, have some pretence
 To being better, to more Excellence,
 But you are neither Wealth, nor Eloquence.

L X V I.

Doth any one bath earlier than the time
 That's usually observ'd, or drink much Wine,
 Censure him not, nor say 'tis not well done,
 Say only, he drinks much, or washeth soon.
 For why should you, till you have understood
 His Reasons, judge his Actions bad or good?
 Perhaps he washeth early, with intent
 Thus to refresh himself with watching spent.
 What e're your grave sobriety may think,
 In him perhaps 'tis temperance to drink.
 Perhaps his Constitution may require
 More Wine, his Lamp more Oyl to feed its Fire.
 First know the Reasons, then you may proceed
 With safety to dispraise, or praise the Deed,
 Thus will you never any Action blame,
 And then on second thought commend the same.

L X V I I. When

LXVII.

When you in every place, your self profess
 A deep Philosopher, you but express
 Much vanity, much self-conceit betray,
 And shew you are not truly what you say.
 Amongst rude Ignorants, unthinking Tools,
 To talk of Precepts, Maximes, and of Rules,
 Is to be laught at, thought a Banterer,
 For how can they approve beyond their Sphear.
 Your knowledge by your way of living shew,
 What is't, alas! to them, how much you know?
 Act as your Precepts teach, as at a Feast,
 Eat as 'tis fit, 'tis vain to teach the rest
 How they should eat, who come but to enjoy
 The present Chear, to swallow, and destroy,
 Who come to Gormandize, and not to hear
 The sober Precepts of a Lecturer.
 Let *Socrates* instruct you to despise
 The fond desire of being counted wise,
 Who being askt by some, (who had design'd
 T'affront him with a Jest,) to be so kind,

As to instruct them how to find, and where
There dwelt some grave profound Philosopher.
Although the impudent request imply'd
That he was none, without concern, or pride,
Or the least shew of anger, led them thence
To those who sold Philosophy for pence,
Who publickly profess it as a Trade,
And a good handsome income by it made.

LXVIII.

When Men of shallow heads themselves advance
Above their usual pitch of ignorance,
To talk of Maxims, and of Rules, forbear
To interpose your sense, or meddle there;
Why should you laugh at this, or that confute,
For what are you concern'd in the dispute?
What reason, or what obligation lies
On you, to hinder them from seeming wise?
Besides to be too much inclin'd to speak,
Shews your minds Constitution to be weak,
Your very love of talking doth declare
How ill your Principles digested are,

And that you do not practice what you know,
 As vomiting doth a weak stomach shew.
 Oh! but perhaps you fancy, that they may
 Construe your silence, ignorance, and say
 That you know nothing: Well, suppose they do,
 If patiently you bear it, know that you
 Have the great work begun, you now begin
 To feel your precepts strengthen you within.
 'Tis your behaviour that can best express
 The well digested Maximes you profess:
 Thus well fed Sheep do not cast up their meat,
 To satisfy their Shepherd what they eat,
 But what they eat, and inwardly digest
 By Fatness, Fleece, and Milk they manifest.

LXIX.

If you have learn't to live on homely Food,
 To feed on Roots, and Lupines, be not proud,
 Since every Beggar may be prais'd for that,
 He eats as little, is as temperate:
 So if you drink cold water, and abstain
 From all such Liquors as affect the Brain,

Why should you seek occasions to declare
How moderate, how abstemious you are?
For what advantage by it can you gain?
If in your sober Cups you still are vain,
Would you inure your self to undergo
The wrath of Winter, play with Frost and Snow?
Let it not be in publick, nor embrace
Cold Marble-Statues in the Market-place,
But would you to the very height aspire
Of bearing much? First bridle your desire
Of being prais'd; take Water in your mouth
When your parcht Vitals almost crack with drought;
And in the very pangs of thirst restrain,
And without boasting spit it out again.

L X X.

The hopes, and fears of a plebeians mind,
To outward Objects only are confin'd;
Riches and Pleasures are his chief delight,
The prizes which engage his appetite,
These he thinks make him fortunate, if won,
And if he fail, he's ruin'd and undone,

Nor has the sordid, thoughtless thing, a sense
Of a more noble inward excellence,
But the Philosopher's exalted Soul
No little outward trifles can controul,
No promis'd Joy, nor fear his mind affects;
His good, and ill, he from himself expects,
Secure within himself, he can despise
The gayeties, that charm the vulgar eyes,
And accidents, which weaker minds surprise.

LXXI.

Such, and so differing is the Character
Of the Plebeian and Philosopher,
Now the Proficient, he that labours on
Towards perfection, by these signs is known;
He no Man blames, he no Man doth condemn,
He praiseth not himself, nor other Men,
Boasts not the greatness of his parts, nor shews
On every light occasion all he knows;
Or if some rub or hinderance he find
In any enterprize, he had design'd,
He blames himself, if prais'd he can despise
The fulsome dauber, and his flatteries.

If blam'd he doth not study a defence,
 Least he be carried on with vehemence,
 As Men, who have been lately Sick, take care
 Least they relapse, and venture not too far,
 Till they be perfectly restor'd, so he
 Declines the making an Apology,
 Least he should be too eagerly concern'd,
 Before his strength of mind be well confirm'd.
 All his desires, and his aversions fall
 Only on things, which he his own can call,
 And as to things in his own choice and will
 His appetite he rules, with caution still,
 What the World judgeth him, he values not,
 Whether Philosopher or Idiot,
 In short he o're himself is as a spie,
 He o're his Actions keeps a watchful eye,
 As he would watch a Knave, or Enemy.

LXXII.

Doth any Man look big, and boast that he
 Doth understand *Chrisippus* thoroughly,
 That he hath dig'd the Mine, and found the Gold,
 That he, his darkeſt Precepts can unfold,

Say thus within your self, why what pretence
 Would this Man have to merit, if the sense
 Of what *Chrisippus* writ were plain, but I
 Would study Nature, and my thoughts apply
 To follow her, but who shall lead me on,
 And shew the way, 'tis time that I were gone,
 Having made this enquiry, when I hear
Chrisippus is the best Interpreter,
 I the dark Author straightway take in hand,
 But his hard Writings do not understand,
 I find him difficult, abstruse, profound,
 I some one seek, who his vast depth can sound,
 After much search I find him, but as yet,
 I have accomplisht nothing, that is great,
 Till I begin to practice, what I sought,
 What he explains, what great *Chrisippus* taught.
 Then, and then only, is the Garland won,
 For practice is the prize, for which we run.
 If knowledge be the bound of my desire.
 If learning him be all that I admire,
 If I applaud my self, because I can
 Explain *Chrisippus*, a Grammarian

Instead of a Philosopher I grow,
 For what I should have done, I only know,
 Here's all the difference between him and me,
Chrisippus I expound, and *Homer* he,
 All that I have atcheiv'd is to explain
 What great *Chrisippus* writ, and blush for shame.
 That knowing what he taught, I still am vain.

LXXIII.

To these great Rules with constancy adhere,
 With noble resolutions, pious fear,
 Fear to recede from these, as you would dread
 To tear the sacred Garland from the head
 Of awful *Jove*, or wickedly deny
 To pay your Vows made to the Deity,
 And mind not what the thoughtless Vulgar say,
 Whose words the winds blow with rank Fogs away,
 Whose calumnies you can no more prevent,
 Than chain those Roarers of the Element,
 When with their airy Wings they beat the Plain,
 And buffet the green Surges of the Main.

LXXIV. Awake,

LXXIV.

Awake, awake, how long will you decline
 The happiness propos'd, and wast your time,
 How long through sloth will you persist to slighr,
 What reason hath inform'd you to be right.
 You have receiv'd the Precepts, such as may
 Guide you the safest, and the surest way,
 To which you ought to have, and have agreed;
 What other Teacher seem you now to need?
 Do you expect that some descending God
 Should leave his blest, and Heavenly abode
 To finish what your reason hath begun,
 To teach you what e're this you might have done?
 Your giddy years of frolick Youth are fled,
 Manhood, that should be wise, reigns in its stead;
 Your vigorous reason now hath reach'd its prime,
 But from its full Meridian must decline,
 If lazily you sleep away your noon,
 The night steals on you, and finds nothing done:
 If still irresolute you love delay,
 And spend whole years in fixing on a day,

And

And when 'tis come, new Resolutions make,
 Which your neglect resolves but to forsake,
 You strive to grow more foolish than you are,
 And for gray dotage by degrees prepare,
 A meer Plebeian to the Grave you go,
 Laden with Age, with Follies, and with Woe.
 Wherefore begin, let no delays defer
 The peaceful Life of a Philosopher,
 And let, what reason telis you to be best,
 Be as a Law, that may not be transgress.
 Begin to live, let your behaviour show
 What an advantage 'tis to think, and know;
 For this alone we Life may justly term,
 To live with ease of Mind, without concern.
 An hundred years in Grief and Anguish spent,
 Are not long Life, but a long Punishment,
 For Sighs, Complaints, and Groans, and Murmuring ^{(Breath}
 Are but the gasps of a more ling'ring Death.
 Therefore when e're you any Object meet,
 Whose Force is pow'rful, and whose Charms are sweet,
 When you encounter Hardships, Danger, Pain,
 Immortal Ignominy, Deathless Fame,

Remember

Remember that th' Olympicks now are come,
That you no longer may the Combat shun,
On this one Tryal doth your Doom depend,
You in one moment fail, or gain your end,
You either Cōquer, or are Conquer'd soon,
And lose, or wear, the Honours of the Crown.

Thus *Socrates* advanc'd his lasting Name,
Thus he the wond'rous *Socrates* became.
Him nothing but right reason e're could sway,
Which he believ'd 'twas glorious to obey.
He all delay, in what seem'd best, thought base,
Not only real loss, but vile disgrace.
And you (though yet you have not the success
To reach the Wisdom of great *Socrates*)
Should strive to live, as if you meant to be
As Wise, as Happy, and as Great as he.

L X X V.

Philosophy's most useful part is this,
Which shews us what a wise Man's Duty is,
Which teacheth, what we should pursue or fly,
As for example, that we should not *L I E*.

The next is Demonstration, that which shows
 By Argument, which from right Reason flows,
 Why we, who study Nature, ought to shun
 The baseness of a false, deceitful Tongue?
 The Third is what confirms, gives force, and light,
 And proves the Demonstration to be right,
 Shews where the Contradiction lies in sense,
 What is, what is not a true Consequence,
 Of Truth and Falshood gives clear evidence.
 This last is useful for the second, that
 By reason puts an end to all debate
 Touching the first; but that's the part that claims
 (As being the most useful) the most pains;
 On which we safely may rely, and rest
 Secure of Happiness, intirely Blest:
 But we, O base neglect! the means pursue
 Of doing well, but still forget to do;
 We dwell on the dispute, our time is spent
 Only in framing of the Argument,
 Hence 'tis we lie, and with much Art and Skill,
 Act, what we can demonstrate, to be ill.

LXXVI.

In every Action, which you undertake
With great *Cleanthes*, this Petition make,
Lead me, O *Jove*, and thou, O powerful Fate,
In every Enterprize, in every State,
As ye determine, for I must obey
The wise injunctions, which you on me lay,
For should I at your dread decrees repine,
And strive your sacred orders to decline;
I should but labour wickedly in vain,
And struggle with an everlasting chain,
And after all, be drag'd along with pain.

LXXVII.

Think on this saying of *Euripides*,
He that submits to *Destiny's* decrees,
Is justly counted wise by Men, and knows
The due respects, which to the Gods he owes.

LXXVIII.

And this, O *Socrates*, till aged time
Shall be no more, till Stars shall cease to shine,
Shall never be forgotten; for 'tis thine.

O *Crito*, if it please the Gods, that I,
 To please the rage of Enemies, must die,
 Let it be so, the false *Anytus* may,
 With false *Melitus*, take my Life away,
 But cannot hurt me, or my Soul dismay.

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